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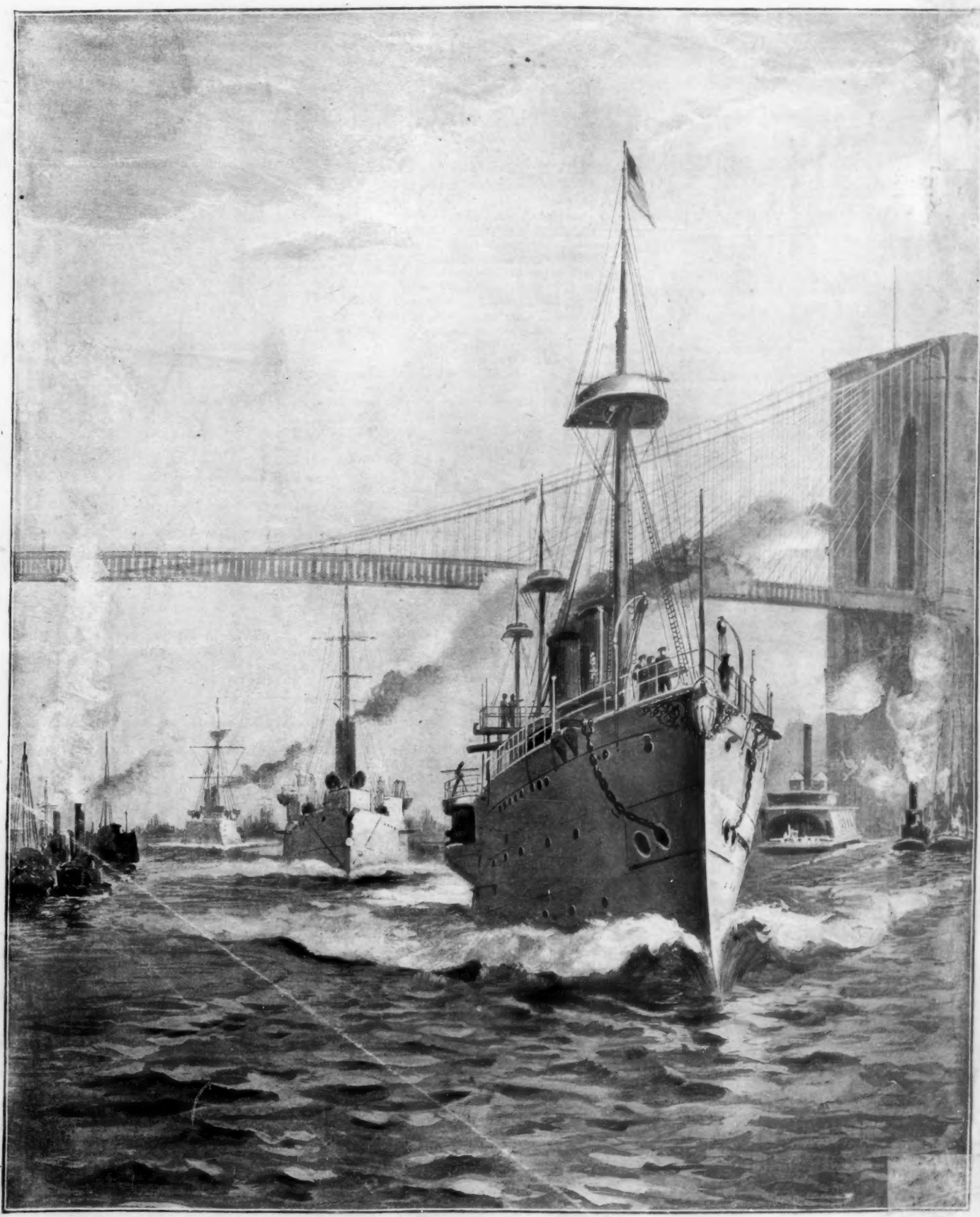
# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

### AFTER THIRTY-TWO YEARS.

ON the morning of April 12, 1861, treason was early astir. At half-past four o'clock the first shot of the Civil War was fired, and Old Ocean wept upon Sumter's battlements. When the new day had fully awakened, at seven o'clock, the garrison fired their answering shot. It was the cool and deliberate and open-day defiance of the threat and attack planned and executed in the half-light, shrouded in the mist born of night and the storm of passion, and the darkness of a misguided attachment to a worn-out institution.

That was thirty-two years ago, now. It is one of the anniversaries we do not celebrate. But it is part of our history as a free people, and we must not let it pass. It had been in store for us, and the first mistake became an irrepressible conflict. We need not be ashamed of the Civil War. It was not ours to prevent; it was ours to do and to dare and to pass through. Conditions existed, immediate causes came, and bloodshed followed. Dumb-driven brotherhood was swept temporarily into fratricidal conflict. At the end of four years we had our first martyred President, and a common country torn and bleeding, and weeping over six hundred thousand graves of war.

The average reader is familiar with what followed. We may generalize by saying that an epoch of remarkable distinctness is marked by the thirty-two years just passed. The country has been advancing steadily toward nationhood. The new-born West has been welcoming the star of empire. The wealthy and conservative East has grown with a substantial growth, and its merchant princes and financial magnates have made the American Union a great commercial power among the nations. The Pacific Slope has kept in close touch with Washington City; but for the rest, it is practically an empire in itself: the Cordilleras are so very inconvenient. The old South has become the successful rival of the new West in the development of mining, manufacturing, commerce, and railroad systems: it is even attracting immigration.

Now, all of this development and formative energy has been displacing as well as upbuilding. Text-writers of authority tell us that, in the primordial epoch of geology, when the earth upon which we live and die witnessed the war between the gases of the atmosphere and the fire and water struggling for supremacy on the earth's crust, the electricities of the air were disturbed, old equilibriums were swept away never to return. So it has been with us during the last thirty-two years. Freedom, once a boon, is now a burden. The freedman found it so; when the shackles of servitude fell from his limbs those of responsibility grew upon the healing scars. The immigrant finds it so. The native-born American comes into the world to find a home or be forever a wanderer; unless, indeed, he is born to wealth—in which case he will find honest men disputing his right to hold it, in the legitimate battle of life. These broad, general truths have been emphasized by the phenomenal progress of the epoch just passed. They meet now at every turn. It looks like fate; but it is not. It is human advancement.

Is this epoch passed? Yes; we can go no further on these lines. We are tearing down faster than we are building up. Millions of acres of new land are falling into the hands of the stranger, and other millions are not half-tilled. Great cities are growing up, where the homeless are gathered with their families into tenements to pay tribute to the mocking idol, "Large Population." The growth of the Home does not increase

with the growth of wealth and population. The time has come to subsidize the people with their own money, to promote intelligent and self-helpful colonization and prohibit crowding in cities as a set-off to the unlimited immigration of the past twenty-five years. The country has had its share of "prosperity." It is time to let manufactures, commerce and vested interests take care of themselves. The foundation of national greatness, the Home, needs attention. No paternalism will be needed for this purpose. Let State and Federal legislation for the next thirty-two years be directed toward the "protection" and subsidizing of associations for the encouragement of those who are earnestly endeavoring to help themselves into a position where moderate independence may be maintained. We will then be a nation worthy of the name.

The ideal greatness of a free country is not in banks, and railroad systems, and monster factories: these grow under despotisms quite as naturally as in a republic. The freeman of the masses is born and attains his growth only in the home of moderate means; the more such homes we can count in the census the more freemen we shall have. After thirty-two years of a Civil War and giant "prosperity," and greatness of aggregate wealth, our higher destiny is in the direction of the home, rural, urban and suburban, for the worthy man of small means. The smoke from the small chimney will be a fitting incense to the Goddess of Liberty in the end of the century.

### DEMOCRAT AND REPUBLICAN.

WE name the Democrat first because he is in power, and authority must always be respected. No offense to the "outs," nor obeisance extraordinary to the powers that be, is intended. ONCE A WEEK aims to be independent in politics; but that does not mean silence in politics—does it? Certainly not.

What is a Democrat? We speak of the *now*, not of the past. The Democrat of to-day is, first, a man who voted for CLEVELAND. He does not favor a protective tariff. He opposes Federal supervision of national elections. He rejects all theories and practices aiming at centralization of power in the Federal Government. These three tenets will be sufficient for our present purpose, which is to see, if possible, what difference there is in the distinction of names. The assumption is, of course, that the Democrat means what he says; and the tenets here credited to him are gleaned from a careful reading of recent Democratic campaign literature. They are up to date.

Now, what is a Republican of to-day? He is a man who favors a protective tariff, Federal supervision of national elections, and a "strong" Federal government. He has just surrendered the control of the national government to the Democrat. He voted against CLEVELAND without voting for WEAVER or the Prohibition candidate. He dislikes a Mugwump, and usually considers himself better than a Democrat, even when the latter has a "pull." He looks with suspicion, not unmixed with disgust, upon Tammany Hall and the large Democratic majorities in Texas and the Tenth Assembly District of New York City. He regards Civil Service Reform as a good thing—for the Democrat; and we believe it is safe to say that the Democrat heartily reciprocates. This is the only point upon which Democrat and Republican are agreed: they favor Civil Service Reform for the "other fellow."

But there is more to be said. CALHOUN, JEFFERSON DAVIS and the Rebellion are laid at the door of the Democrats; so are free trade, the abuses of the rum-powder, and the excessive "pull" of the slums. The Whisky Ring, Star Route and Credit Mobilier misbehaviors are charged up to the Republicans, to say nothing of fostering monopolies, robbing the many to enrich the few, extravagance in government expenditure and tampering with the receipts, for the benefit of favorite contractors on government jobs.

To their credit it is set down, by each party for itself, respectively, as follows: The Democrat claims relationship with Washington, in a direct line; so does the Republican. Then the Democrat skips JOHN ADAMS and the Republican adopts him. The Democrat claims THOMAS JEFFERSON; and the Republican lets him go. MADISON and MONROE were Democrats; JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was a Republican. ANDREW JACKSON was a Democrat; but the Republicans claim that part of "Old Hickory" which threatened to hang Calhounists in South Carolina in 1832. VAN BUREN is not claimed very vigorously by either. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was a Republican, and TYLER wound up by being a Democrat on the question of the annexation of Texas, though elected as a Whig, or Republican, on the same ticket with "Tippecanoe." JAMES K. POLK was a Democrat. ZACHARY TAYLOR and MILLARD FILLMORE are claimed by the Republicans. FRANKLIN PIERCE and JAMES BUCHANAN were Democrats. Since 1861 the Democrats claim, with some show of title, a part interest in ANDREW JOHNSON; and they share with the Mugwumps all the credit of the first CLEVELAND Administration, including its Civil Service Reform record. The Republicans credit themselves with all the rest of the governmental work since 1861, including the suppression of the Rebellion and the phenomenal increase in national wealth and prosperity. The Democrats, however, claim that they furnished their full share, at least, of the

soldiers of the Union armies; and that our prosperity since 1861 must not be credited to the Republican tariff for protection.

The student of history will find much to condemn in the careers of the two great parties, as well as much to commend and admire. But the prominent features are, first, that each of the two great parties has represented a great national project, movement or measure for a very short time only; and, secondly, that each party has had from the beginning a certain (not very well-defined) prejudice, though it is and has been a prejudice sufficiently marked to distinguish it from the other. For instance, the Alien and Sedition laws of JOHN ADAMS's term, and the recent vigorous movement of the Republicans under the leadership of Senator CHANDLER to restrict immigration, are distinctively Republican and Federalist; while the "Republicans" (Democrats) who elected JEFFERSON over ADAMS, in 1800, largely on the Alien and Sedition Laws issue, are still friendly to immigration, and are likely to gain in favor with immigrants and their descendants.

But it is the first feature we desire to call attention to—namely, that neither party has held on to a great measure, movement or project for a very long time. The reason for this is obvious. This is a growing country—we are yet in the formative period—and new needs are constantly demanding attention. All the great issues, from the Whisky Rebellion in WASHINGTON's time down to but not including the perennial tariff and the sectional "Force Bill" issue of the end of the nineteenth century, served their brief day and gave way to something new. Are these two to live forever? Is there not something new for the thoughts of our statesmen—our *fin de siècle* statesmen? Whether you be Democrat or Republican, we ask you to ask your party leaders why they do not originate something new to match and suit the many new and startling "conditions" that are crowding all "theories" into the background. Let us have legislation up to date.

### THE LAW AND THE MURDERER.

CHARLYLE W. HARRIS is sentenced to die in the "chair" of Sing Sing Prison, New York, the week of May 8, for the murder of his schoolgirl wife. Petitions are being circulated for pardon and commutation in his case; and a bill which aims to secure a new trial for him has been introduced at Albany by Senator COGGESHALL.

Our readers know that ONCE A WEEK has advocated the total abolition of capital punishment; but we do not favor the pardon of HARRIS, nor the commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment, nor yet the movement and bill for securing a new trial of the case.

The pardon of HARRIS cannot be seriously advocated by any reasonable person in the present status of his case, and we may safely dismiss that topic altogether. Commutation to life imprisonment would be the veriest travesty of justice. Assuming that he is guilty, his crime is one of the most cold-blooded in criminal annals. There are no extenuating circumstances. Ignorant, brutal and weak-minded murderers have paid the death penalty in Auburn, Sing Sing and Dannemora within the past year, and the talented and "superior" HARRIS is not entitled to exemption by comparison with them; quite the contrary.

A new trial secured by special legislation would be inadvisable, for many reasons. There is no new evidence that is material. Not a little of what was submitted to the Recorder on the motion for a new trial was clearly suborned and perjured. If the "relief bill" passes the Legislature, the manufacture of false testimony by sympathetic outsiders is likely to be carried on.

HARRIS can easily clear himself and convince Governor FLOWER that he is innocent, by simply giving a satisfactory answer to one question: Why did he keep those two capsules? If he had a good and lawful reason for keeping them, he never poisoned his wife. Other circumstances in the case may be explained away and darkened and quibbled about, more or less; this one must be answered. As HARRIS did not go upon the stand in his own behalf on his trial, it might be advisable to have him answer this one simple question publicly for Governor FLOWER, subject of course to the cross-examination of the District Attorney.

If HARRIS's life can be saved, ONCE A WEEK would like to help save it, within the law, and without interfering with that uncompromising execution of the law which is the only thing that makes any law a terror to the evil-disposed. If the Empire State can be induced to abolish the "chair" and enact real life imprisonment, over which Governor and Board of Pardons will have no power of pardon or commutation, we shall rejoice for the sake of our common humanity; but unless HARRIS can raise a more reasonable doubt of his guilt than has appeared yet, we should say, Let him die the death, that the law itself may be protected.

THE BILL for the Consolidation of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, has been defeated in the Legislature by the action of the Senate. The question on its merits should be submitted to the people of the two cities severally; but the politicians refuse to give the people an opportunity to decide.



## HAWTHORNIANA.

I SPENT the last week of the session in Washington, which, even at that early date, was already the loveliest town in the Union, and that is almost tantamount to saying the loveliest in the world. The Representatives had gone home, but the Senators remained, most of the time in executive session, confirming the nominations of the Stout Gentleman up at the White House. The sun shone and the thermometer stood anywhere between seventy and eighty degrees; the colored folks came out to bask in the warmth, and all lazy, languid, loitering Washington loafed and invited its soul—if it really possesses so troublesome an article. Little darkies, with copies of the *Post*, the *Star*, or the *News*, dawdled up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, calling out the names of their wares, indeed, but too indolent to actively solicit patrons. Office-seekers stood in groups in the hotel corridors and on the sidewalks in front of the entrances, and discussed with more or less indignation the fact or the probability of being turned down. The Cabinet alone was busy; as for the President, he was reported to sit up till four o'clock every night, and to rise at seven every morning, in the gallant endeavor to expedite public affairs, which nevertheless remained in arrears.

Society met at afternoon teas or receptions—it is difficult exactly to classify these gatherings; people attend them in all sorts of costumes, from sack-coats and walking-dresses to low necks and short sleeves, and something that vividly recalled the dress-coat of evening civilization. They slid sidewise in and out, apologizing, smiling, exchanging greetings, professing themselves "delighted," shaking hands with that upward intonation—so to speak—which seems to send the good wishes wafting aloft, like an invisible, amiable incense; sipping punch, nibbling cake, chattering that same charming nothing that society has chattered since the era of social intercourse began, immediately after the Deluge; and oh! what bevy of pretty girls! There were dinners and dances, too, and the sumptuous rolling of carriages by night along the comfortable asphalt; and ladies old enough to be grandmothers seemed young enough to be chaperoned, and ladies young enough to be in the nursery astounded you with their address and self-possession, and struck you agast with the information that they were "engaged." Then, the theaters were all in full blast, and the hoardings were magnificent with posters which, ten years ago, might have found a place on the walls of picture galleries.

In the afternoon of Saturday before Easter there was a lovely throng of the queens and princesses of the earth on F Street, shopping with that serene energy which characterizes the sex in this happy region; though what they could be buying that they did not already possess it would be beyond the imagination of the male creature to conceive. If, however, he took a stroll on Connecticut Avenue about half-past four on Easter Sunday, he was dazzled by such a parade of feminine attire as no imagination could invent. No, never have I beheld such ravishing toilets as those worn this Spring in Washington, or so many adorable creatures to wear them.

But the unique performance of the week was reserved for Easter Monday. It was the annual Egg-Rolling Day. Everybody has heard of this famous ceremony, of course; but few who have not witnessed it can have any distinct idea what it is. It exists nowhere else than in Washington, but Washington would not know itself were it to be discontinued. Everybody who sees it for the first time asks how it originated, and what it means; and everybody else replies that nobody knows. As to that, I have a modest theory of my own, which is at the service of ethnologists. In Germany, the children have a game with Easter Eggs. They hide them, and pretend that the fairies are mixed up in the transaction; and there is a great deal of German fun about it. They spend all day hunting for them, with various songs and other performances which I have forgotten.

Now, it stands to reason that when Germans reached Washington, they brought this custom along with them; but it was naturally modified by the genius of the new generation, and also by the fact that Washington is rich in slopes and hollows; so that when they went out to play with the eggs, the eggs rolled out of their hiding places down the slopes. This suggested making the rolling an integral part of the game; and he or she whose egg rolled furthest without getting broken, came into possession of all the unsuccessful eggs. If that be not the true explanation of this antique mystery, it is good enough to be the true one.

Until late years, the rolling used to be done at two principal places—the grounds round the Capitol, and the garden of the White House. When Hayes came in he made it a sort of official festival; and the fact that the Capitol slopes were wholly denuded of the new grass by the gambols of the children caused the affair to be confined to the White House garden exclusively. Then, too, the Marine Band was had out to discourse music, and it became the custom for the President to receive the children in the East Room about the hour of noon.

Accordingly, soon after twelve o'clock, I went over to the White House grounds and opened my eyes. All round the fence inclosing the place were innumerable booths and hand-carts, containing candy, cakes, peanuts and lemonade. In and out of the various gates streamed unintermittent rivers of humanity, in the proportion of ten women to one man, and five children to each woman. The garden was full, and looked, at a little distance, like a live Turkey carpet; the colors of which it was composed being black, white, red, blue, yellow and green, well mixed up. The quick evolutions of the children, who never moved except to run and chase one another about, gave a curious crawling aspect to the surface of things, which was increased by the fluttering of capes and small petticoats, the bobbing of hats and waving of arms, and the constant sailing in the air of bits of colored pasteboard,

torn from the paper boxes in which the lunches and eggs were brought.

There were family groups seated on the turf, laughing, chatting, rolling eggs and eating lunch; other groups standing or circulating about; detached children racing hither and thither, tossing eggs, balls, and oranges, or standing still for a moment to suck the latter and to peel and devour the first. Married women stood or sat about, with amused maternal smiles; old maids and young looked on too, but with smiles of a somewhat different kind; men and grown boys moved hither and thither with the clumsy awkwardness of the male creature in such situations; and policemen occupied posts of vantage, and contemplated the show with an air of being gravely tickled. The spirit of childhood was dominant, and whatever they said or did, went. What a job it must have been to pick up the million fragments of smashed egg-shells and bits of wrapping paper that they left behind them when they went away!



JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

After saturating myself with this spectacle, I went round to the entrance of the house, to see how the President was getting on there with the children. The entrance was a solid wedge of humanity oozing slowly in and out, but good-natured to the last; suffocated ushers stood in the welter here and there, with the ostensible purpose—ridiculous under the circumstances—of keeping an eye on the personal fitness of the guests; and when you got inside, the great East Room was full and boiling over with little creatures and a sprinkling of bigger ones to take care of them, and the atmosphere was about ninety in the shade, and anything but refreshing to inhale. But there stood the large smiling arbiter of our national destinies, with the waves of childhood breaking round his knees, stooping to shake hands and to crack jokes, and acting as if all this enormous tribe were his own private family.

"You don't care anything about the President of the United States, do you?" quoth he to a small urchin who had just come in contact with him, and who was dividing his attention pretty equally between Mr. Cleveland and a stick of candy. "Oh, yes, but I do, though!" cried the young gentleman, in an unexpectedly loud and confident voice. The President lifted his eyebrows, chuckled and remarked: "Why, you're quite a man, aren't you!" Yes, such things cannot occur in any other place than America. I squeezed myself out of the room, with the conviction that Children's Day in Washington is an excellent institution; and the newspapers said next day that the President was in an unusually good humor when the office-seekers resumed their troubling, and made some unusually good appointments. The introduction of the child element into the witches' broth of statesmanship is a new idea, and may turn out to have valuable effects.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

## AN ILL-OMENED GIFT.

QUEEN VICTORIA is said to be an expert knitter, and one of her quilts, with V. R. in its center, is among the coverlets used at Netley Hospital. But see how a good thing becomes an omen of evil, according to one of the London weeklies:

"In assessing the claims of the candidates for the honor of sleeping under it, the medical staff naturally gave the precedence to the most severely wounded, and as the most severely wounded was the one most likely to die very soon, alas! an evil omen attached itself to the distinction, the climax of which was reached one night, when a poor soldier, feeling some one touching his bedclothes, woke up with the perspiration pouring down his face, and cried out, 'Oh! sir, do anything you like with me—but for God's sake, don't give me the quilt!'"

## THE TRAVELED MEN.

SOMETIMES I wish the railroads all were torn out.  
The ships all sunk among the coral strands,  
I am so very weary, yes, so worn out  
With tales of those who visit foreign lands.

When asked to dine, to meet these traveled people,  
My soup seems brewed from cemetery bones,  
The fish grows cold on some cathedral steple,  
I miss two courses, while I stare at thrones.

I'm forced to leave my salad quite untasted,  
Some musty mouldy temple to explore;  
The leeks, fruit and coffee, too, are wasted,  
While into realms of ancient art I soar.

I'd rather take my chance of life and reason,  
If in a den of lions I were hurled,  
Than for a single year, ay, for one season,  
To dwell with folks who've traveled round the world.

They are so patronizingly oppressive  
With pity for the ones who stay at home;  
Their knowledge is so mighty and aggressive,  
I often wish they had not ceased to roam.

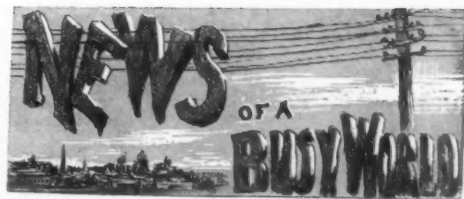
They loathe the new, they quite detest the present,  
The old they love—they revel in the Past.  
Just dare to say America is pleasant—  
And die beneath the glances they will cast.

They are increasing at a rate alarming;  
Go where I will, the traveled man is there.  
He'll force me yet to find those rustics charming  
Who know no world beyond their meadows fair.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## TRIALS OF A CHAPERON.

"Which shall I do?" mused the calm chaperone;  
"If I fall asleep now, and leave them alone,  
He's so deeply in love he is sure to propose;  
And, once she's engaged, my enmeshment will close.  
But, if she don't marry, I'll be thought to blame,  
And none will employ me; I vow it's a shame  
To think that a woman of my name and race  
Should encounter such trials in keeping a place!  
But I really can't help it; this book in my lap  
Is of so little interest I'll venture a nap!"—R. L. HENDRICK.



THE end of March saw the end of the Ribot Cabinet, which fell—not directly on account of the Panama scandal, but under a vote of want of confidence caused by a question originating in the discussion of the budget. A bill amending the liquor laws had been attached to the budget by the Senate, and the Government demanded that this action should take the form of a separate bill. On the vote of the Chamber of Deputies to retain the Senate amendment, the Cabinet resigned. The vote was 247 to 242, so that the Ministry went out on an adverse majority of only five votes. It was considered, however, that the vote was really one of censure on account of the method of the Government in handling the Panama prosecutions. President Carnot requested M. Méline, Minister of Agriculture in 1881, to form a Cabinet, and this was accomplished on April 1. The new Ministry was a makeshift affair, designed merely to carry into effect the necessary Government business, and even that did not answer, and M. Develle, M. Dupuy and others tried their hands—the evident tendency being toward a dissolution.

M. CHARLES DUPUY.  
THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE.

Albert Viger, Minister of Agriculture.

Pending future arrangements in France, the Colombian Government has granted twenty months to the Panama Canal Company, in which to effect its purpose in regard to continuing work on the canal.

Cholera has not only made its appearance in the interior of Russia, but also in Southeastern Hungary and Galicia, where entire villages have been isolated. An average of one hundred and fifty new cases and fifty deaths are reported at St. Petersburg as occurring weekly in the Government of Podolia, on the northeastern frontier of Austria-Hungary. The United States Government, in the course of its preparations against a possible epidemic, has agents in all the principal ports of Europe, inspecting emigrants. It is known that fatal cases are of daily occurrence in St. Petersburg, but all information is carefully suppressed by the authorities. The Russian Ministry has ordered the reopening of the medico-sanitary stations in the Volga provinces, where many thousands died from cholera last year.

An earthquake is reported from near Mount Etna, causing great terror among the people of the neighborhood and considerable loss of life.

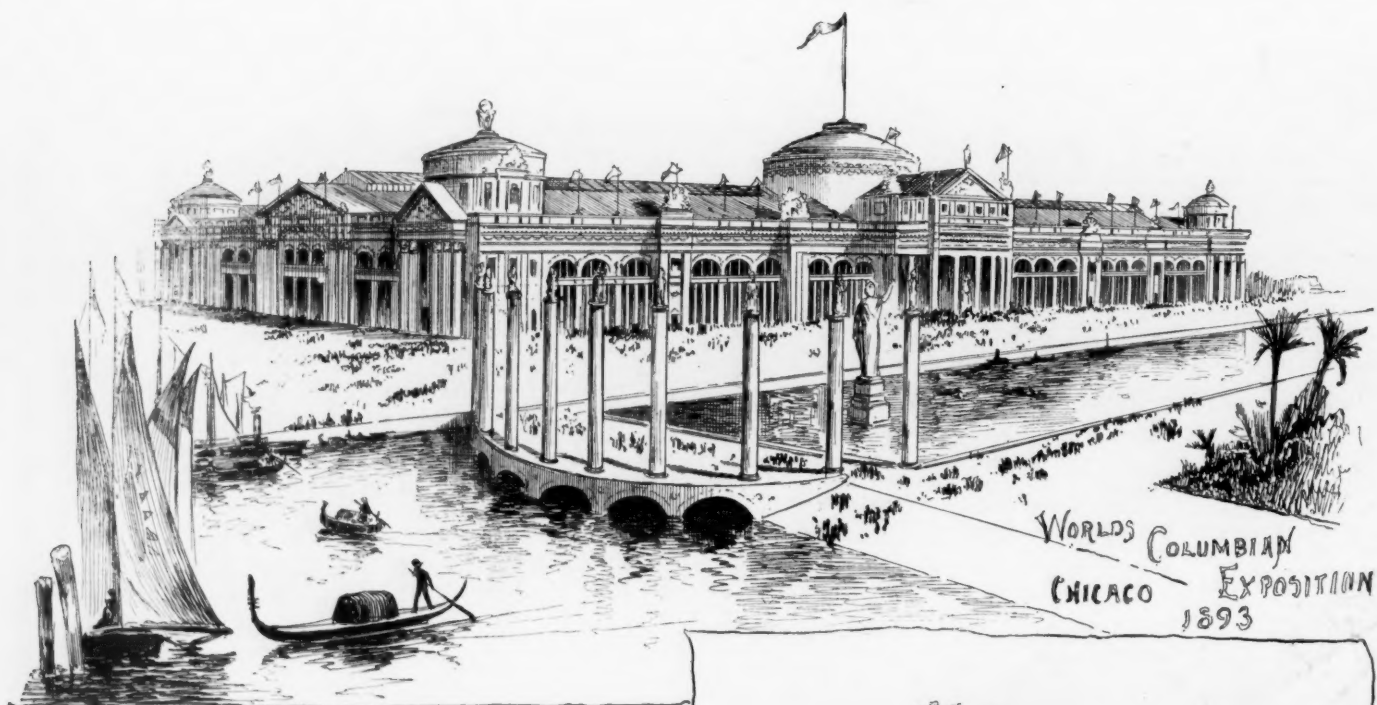
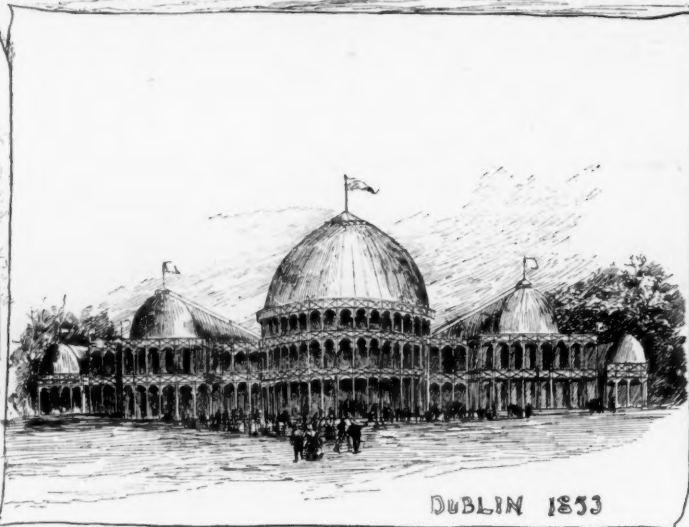
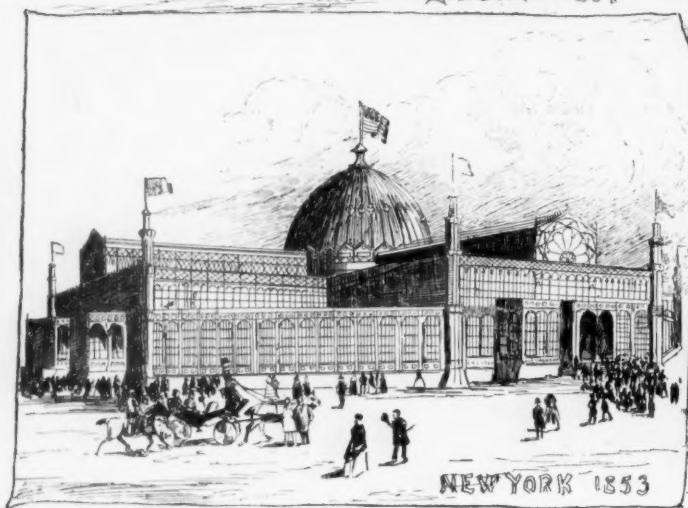
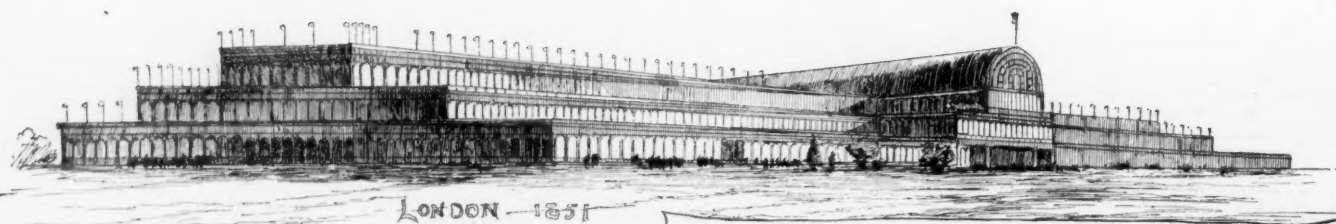
There is constantly growing irritation between France and Germany, the existence of which goes far to sustain the wisdom of Chancellor Caprivi's determination to carry his army bill at all hazards. General Dodds, commanding the French forces in Dahomey, has discovered unquestionable evidence that German firms have been supplying the Dahomans with arms and ammunition, in order to enable them to carry on warfare against the French. The expulsion from France of Herr Brandes, a German newspaper correspondent, for inflammatory utterances in regard to the Panama scandal, has naturally tended to widen the breach. A rather sensational speech made by the czarovich to the officers of his regiment, complimenting the Prussians on their hospitable treatment of him during his visit to Berlin, has attracted general attention from the fact that he spoke in the interest of Germany as against France.

A destructive fire in the suburbs of Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands, on the island of Luzon, destroyed four thousand houses. Manila has been fatally subject to catastrophes. In 1863 the city was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, and 2,000 lives were lost. In 1875 a hurricane destroyed 3,800 houses and 250 lives. In 1880 earthquakes lasting three days did damage amounting to \$8,000,000. And in 1882 the population of the city was nearly decimated by a cholera epidemic, while a typhoon destroyed all the native houses and unroofed all the others.

Pope Leo XIII. will write a letter to bishops requesting them to enjoin upon their flocks a more profound study of the Scriptures. The Pope urges the necessity of keeping in the track of modern progress and discovery, and to be alive to the needs of the times.

L'Orient, near Brest, France, is a hot-bed of disease, owing to the utter absence of drainage. Seventy deaths from cholera and two hundred cases are reported from there.

The Belgian and French socialists, in convention at Ghent, resolved that there should be no general strike in Belgium if the restrictions upon suffrage should be limited by Parliament to questions of plurality of votes for heads of families. If, however, Parliament should grant a plurality of votes to property owners and holders of University diplomas, the general labor council will be charged to order at once a strike of all Belgian laborers.



OUR OWN AND FORMER INTERNATIONAL FAIRS.

(See page 9.)





FOREIGNERS ON THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS AT CHICAGO.

1. The Esquimaux Village, early morning.

2. Japanese Village (on Wooded Island),

3. Turkish carpenters at work.

4. Men from Ceylon at work.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

**ALABAMA.**—For running illicit stilleries, eleven white men were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and costs each, by the United States Court.

**ARKANSAS.**—In the matter of the killing of John A. Clayton it has been learned that the victim was killed by mistake.

**CALIFORNIA.**—The four-masted steel ship *King James*, coal laden, from Newcastle, England, to San Francisco, was burned at sea two hundred miles from the latter city. The fire broke out March 19. The crew fought the flames for eleven days, and then abandoned the ship and started in two boats for Point Conception, two hundred and fifty miles distant. One boat with seventeen men capsized, and Captain Drummond and four of his men were rescued off Redondo Beach by the steamer *Los Angeles*. The other boat landed safely at Point Conception.

Michael Cahill, of San Francisco, contests the priority of patent of the rain-producing device invented by John Jacob Astor.

The Six Companies have advised the Chinese to defy the Geary law. They have employed five attorneys to fight the law in the Supreme Court at Washington.

**GEORGIA.**—The business portion of Carrollton was destroyed by fire on the 3d inst. Asbury Gentry, a notorious outlaw, was the incendiary. A meeting of citizens was held, and if the criminal is still in the county he will be taken at all hazards. Gentry has a large circle of confederates, and a bloody battle is likely to ensue if he is attacked in his hiding-place.

Valuable property is being bought up by English syndicates in the central part of the State around Macon.

**INDIAN TERRITORY.**—The five civilized tribes in council assembled have agreed to draw up a bill relinquishing the Cherokee title.

Insurance companies have canceled all policies on property in Antlers, on account of threats to burn the town. A force of United States deputy marshals have arrived at the scene of savage outlaws to protect the property of citizens.

**IOWA.**—Mayor Alline of Lemars punishes a second offense of drunkenness by giving the victim the choice of ten days on the street with ball and chain, or a course of Keeley cure. It is a Lemars ordinance. The first subject took his dose of bichloride April 5.

**KANSAS.**—At the Spring elections the Republicans swept the State. The submission of the amendment for full woman suffrage brought out the full vote of women already enfranchised.

**KENTUCKY.**—The peculations of the Louisville embezzler, Sutton, will amount to two hundred thousand dollars.

**MARYLAND.**—John Price, a notorious character of Baltimore, has passed more than thirty of his seventy-four years in prison. He has killed four men. He never goes out without a pistol, and has just been convicted in Elliott City of shooting Carrie Dock, aged fifteen, with intent to kill, for refusing to marry him.

Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, of the First Congregational Church, Baltimore, has moved to 214 Parkin Street, in the center of the tenement house district, to prosecute missionary work among the lowly.

In the damage suit of Erastus D. Hallock against the Baltimore Traction Company, Judge Phelps decided in favor of the company, holding that in these days of rapid transit the public must exercise more caution than usual. The Metropolitan Club, composed of Catholic ladies, has opened an institution for Catholic girls on the plan of the Young Women's Christian Association.

**MICHIGAN.**—The coroner's jury in the case of George W. Haight, poisoned by R. Irving Latimer, a life convict, has censured the prison officials.

**MISSOURI.**—It is charged that the Missouri Pacific has been systematically robbed by means of checks drawn by timekeepers for time not put in by the men. It is claimed that the company's loss will reach into the thousands and that the stealings extend over ten months.

Ostrum Boright, a drunken laborer of St. Joseph, sold his seven motherless children to married couples for five dollars each.

**NEBRASKA.**—The Legislature adopted a resolution of impeachment against Attorney-General Hastings, Secretary of State Allen, Commissioner Humphrey and ex-Treasurer Hill. The charge of malfeasance was stricken out, and the word "misdeemeanors" substituted. A committee was appointed to draft articles of impeachment and to prosecute them before the Supreme Court.

**NEW JERSEY.**—The typewriter combine of everywhere, including the Remington, Hammond, Caligraph, American, and Yost, has been formed at Trenton, N. J., with a capital of twenty million dollars.

Frank Aronson, a boy not yet in his teens, was killed by a pitched ball at Mount Holly.

**NEW YORK.**—The bill for the preservation of the Adirondack forests has become a law. It prohibits the cutting of timber less than twelve inches in diameter. It was Governor Flower's pet measure. The forests are now the State Adirondack Park.

Thomas H. Brown, the oldest Freemason in the State, died near Fish House at the age of one hundred and two years.

The fast train service over the New York Central to the World's Fair will be inaugurated on the 30th of April. The train will leave New York at 3 P.M. and arrive in Chicago at 10 A.M. next day.

The Grand Jury refused to indict the *Recorder* newspaper for violation of the lottery law, in running a missing word contest.

Nothing has been heard of the missing steamer *Naronic*, though the discovery of another capsized ship's boat, and the finding at Lynn, Mass., of a carrier-pigeon carrying a

tag marked "N," naturally gave rise to rumors; so did the finding of a bottle containing an alleged message from a cattleman on board the *Naronic*, to the effect that the ship had encountered an iceberg. This latter incident was laid to the charge of the breed of humorists which so frequently shows itself under similar conditions of general sorrowful public interest.

A newly arrived tigress for Central Park made a great deal of trouble for our menagerie people last Tuesday by refusing to quit the "shifting box" for her cage. All the



usual methods failed, and the keepers were at their wits' end when Director Smith bethought him of a cold shower bath. A hose was played on the beast, who surrendered at once. Our artist, who was on the spot, represents the tigress after receiving her cold *douche*.

**NORTH DAKOTA.**—It is reported that the W. C. T. U. women of Rolla took it upon themselves to raid disorderly places.

**OHIO.**—The Farmers' and Drovers' stock yards of Cincinnati are a thing of the past. The Union Stock Yard Co. has bought all that was left of the property of the old company.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—A. A. McLeod has resigned the presidency and receivership of the Reading Railroad, on the ground that his connection deprives the company of financial aid. The resignation is to take effect May 1.

Hugh O'Donnell has been spending several days in Schuylkill Valley, endeavoring to reorganize the Amalgamated Association at Reading, Pottsville, Pottstown, and other places where the local organizations have been virtually disbanded.

**SOUTH DAKOTA.**—Ex-Judge Bartlett Tripp, of Yankton, will go as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Vienna to succeed Colonel Grant. He is one of the pioneers of the Dakotas.

**TENNESSEE.**—Cashier Porterfield and other high officials are said to be involved in the failure of the Commercial National Bank of Nashville.

According to the report of the Bank Examiner at Washington it will require an assessment of eighty per cent to pay off its indebtedness.

Governor Turney has appointed Judge W. K. McAllister, Jr., to the State Supreme Bench to fill the vacancy occasioned by the appointment of Chief-Justice Horace H. Lurton in place of Howell E. Jackson, who is now an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

**UTAH.**—The Mormon Temple was dedicated at Salt Lake City April 6th. The dimensions of the temple are: Its whole length is 186 feet and width 99 feet. There are six towers, three on the east and three on the west end of the structure. Total height to top of highest spire, 222½ feet; height of walls, 167½ feet; the thickness of walls at bottom, 9 feet; thickness of walls at top, 6 feet. The whole rests upon a foot-wall 16 feet thick and 16 feet deep; the building covers an area of 31,850 feet. Situated 330 feet from the temple is the boiler and power house. Here four engines furnish the power for four dynamos of over 2,000 candle power, by which the whole interior of the building is lighted, as well as the powerful lamps on each of the spires. The cost of the building is about four million dollars. The corner-stones were laid April 6, 1853, sixteen feet below the surface. The gray granite for the foundation was hauled with ox teams from Cottonwood Cañon, twenty miles distant. When Johnston's army came through in 1858 the foundation of the temple was entirely covered with earth, and the people moved south from Salt Lake for a time. Four years after this work was resumed on the building, and with the exception of two years, 1868 and 1869, when the workmen of the Territory were mostly employed in constructing the Union Pacific and other railroads, has continued without serious interruption.

**WASHINGTON CITY.**—The correspondence relating to the Russian extradition treaty will be published by consent of the State Department.

Secretary Gresham denies the statement of the Berlin correspondent of the *London Standard*, that the United States Minister at St. Petersburg has been directed to stop all negotiations concerning the Russian extradition treaty.

The President will call an extra session of Congress, probably in September. It is stated that the President expects the support of Speaker Crisp in his tariff reform, monetary reform, and pension reform measures.

Republicans claim that they will not abandon the inquiry into the charges against Senator Roach of North Dakota.

The United States Consul at Queenstown is accused of unnecessarily detaining passengers while carrying out his instructions as to the inspection of passengers destined for the United States.

At the Japanese legation it was denied that Japan has any designs upon the Hawaiian Islands.

The resignation of Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Minister to

Great Britain, having been tendered, Secretary Gresham, in accepting it, complimented him on the part of the President, expressing "his sincere regret that your retirement deprives the service of one of its most honored officers."

Mrs. Cleveland will not be present at the opening of the World's Fair.

Mr. Hannis Taylor, the new Minister to Spain, is author of a work entitled "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution," which is used as a text-book in many higher institutions of learning.

Judge William Lochren, the new Commissioner of Pensions, is very popular throughout Minnesota where he has resided since 1857. He was born in Vermont in 1836, and was educated there. He served through the war, and is generally supposed to favor a liberal interpretation of the pension laws. Both branches of the Republican Legislature of Minnesota unanimously endorsed his candidacy for the position to which he has been appointed.

**WORLD'S FAIR.**—President Higginbottom announces the World's Fair will be ready May 1, that there will be free drinking water, and that extortion of any kind will not be tolerated.

A collection of false paper money will be exhibited at the World's Fair, including proofs made directly from all the counterfeit plates ever captured by the Government. All the experts in counterfeiting Government notes are either dead, in prison, or so closely watched that they do not ply their avocation any longer. They are no longer feared, and we may look with complacency upon specimens of what is now fortunately a lost art.

The Bad Lands near the Black Hills will furnish a remarkable exhibit of fossil remains in which that region is peculiarly rich. There will be several heads of mammoths, one being four feet in diameter and with all the huge teeth intact. There are many fossil fish, megalosaurus, and any number of fossil bones, turtles, and other specimens. The collection will comprise several hundred pieces.

Harry Florian, a decorator, fell from the dome of the Agricultural Building, a distance of one hundred and fifty feet, and was instantly killed.

The ferry's wheel at the Fair Grounds will be two hundred and forty feet in diameter. Swinging cars for passengers will be fitted to its rim, from which an excellent view of the city and grounds will be afforded. The axle is now in place, one hundred and forty feet from the ground. It is the largest steel axle ever made, weighing fifty-six tons. The wheel will be built around it.

## TROUBLE WITH PERU.

MINISTER John Hicks sent the following cablegram from Lima, Peru:

LIMA, April 6.

GRESHAM, Washington:

At (place omitted) mob attacked Masonic Lodge, sacked building and burned fixtures in the street. Incidentally United States Consulate was invaded, furnishings destroyed, and acting consular agent shot in foot. Archives saved intact. Squad of Peruvian police looked on while the mob performed work without interference. The mail brings the particulars.

The reply of the State Department was prompt and brief:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, April 6, 1893.

HICKS, MINISTER, Lima: Protest against failure of authorities to afford protection to Consulate, and if facts are well established ask expression of regret, prompt prosecution of the guilty parties and reparation for injury to American property or person.

GRESHAM.

In the absence of further particulars it may be noted that the Peruvians have always been rather friendly than otherwise to the United States, and that they have had no recent provocation or pretext to be otherwise. It is thought that the locality of the outrage is one of the interior sub-consulates, and that, whatever the outrage was, it was the result of some personal resentment against our representative. The rioting was probably incidental. But this will not constitute an excuse; and the State Department will demand the fullest reparation.

## AND THE TURK, TOO.

THE United States has demanded reparation from the sultan for outrages on American citizens at Marsovan, and for tampering with the mails of the American Legation. It seems that, in January last, alleged seditious placards were distributed throughout the center of Asia Minor. The Turkish authorities concluded that the students of Anatolia College were the authors. On the night of February 2d, the female seminary of that institution was burned to the ground, the circumstances indicating that they were not the perpetrators of the crime. The condition of Americans at Marsovan became unbearable, and Consul Jewett was sent by Minister Thompson to protect them. Dispatches between the Minister and Consul have been repeatedly violated. Demands for reparation have been met hitherto by Turkish counter demands for investigation into the alleged seditious placard charged against the students.

Secretary Gresham has cabled to Minister Thompson at Constantinople a strong expression of the President's views on the outrage, demanding not only prompt reparation for the burned seminary, but the punishment of all parties found guilty in the matter. Minister Thompson is instructed that no alleged prior acts of students are to affect the rights of this government in the premises. Minister Thompson is charged to give renewed attention to the matter, and to dispatch a special messenger, if necessary, to Consul Jewett, and see to the inviolability of official correspondence. The Minister is instructed to act promptly and advise the department by cable. No effort is to be relaxed in securing the legal rights of our citizens in Turkey.

It is understood to be the policy of the United States to make this Marsovan incident a test case in our relations with Turkey. There are, at the present time, more than two hundred American citizens residing in the Turkish Empire, who have the management of property valued at more than \$2,000,000. Further advices from Mr. Thompson are looked for very shortly.

## DR. SHOOP, RACINE, WIS., CURES

Dyspepsia and Chronic Nervous diseases. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the great Nerve Tonic, through a newly discovered principle, cures stomach, liver and kidney diseases, by its action upon the nerves that govern these organs. Book and samples free for 2 ct. stamp. Address Box E.



## SALTUSIANA

## ON "CRUSTS."

THE crusts to be considered here are not what you think. To begin with, there is the Upper Crust. Then there is the Crust of Bohemia. And all about and around and between them are the layers of literature and art.

In the Upper Crust preoccupation is now noticeable. There is the great question of carriage wraps and bonnets. For next week, or the week after, that acrobat Spring will have jumped on the town, and Central Park will be peopled again with the prettiest and daintiest women in the world. It is a fad of returning travelers to draw comparisons; to say, for instance, that the Bois, in Paris, or Hyde Park, in London, are more attractive to the eye than this park of ours; and perhaps in some respects they are. But they are not as sweet to the nostrils, and the women are far less fair. There are odors and fragrances in Central Park which you won't get in London or in Paris, either, unless, of course, you have had the forethought to provide yourself with them at a perfumer's. That breath of honeysuckles and lilacs, for instance, where will you get it over there? And that faint, fresh scent of undergrass-grown overgreen, did you ever smell it abroad? Then, too, are the occupants of the carriages. Now, the best dressed women in the world are those that you see of a June afternoon in the Paris Bois. And the stateliest are those that you encounter in London. But in all the world prettier women there are not than in that parade which circles through Central Park and descends again just in time to intercept the dusk. No; nor daintier, either.

There were many of them visible the other night at the Tableaux Vivants, and whether it was because of the preoccupation alluded to, or whether in deference to the dictates of English fashion, mere man may not decide; but, in any event, nine-tenths of them were bonnetless. This is as it should be, and presently, when they adopt that charming custom of dining in evening dress in public, it will be better still.

In literature, just at this moment, there is nothing going, except, indeed, that weariless old query as to what the future novel is to be. They are asking it in England, they are asking it in France, and only the day before yesterday a great metropolitan journal put it back again into ledged type. The cause of it is the curious fact that throughout the entire world of international letters there is not now one great name. For our own condition we may thank the cut rates—I was about to say the cutthroats of publishers—which make it impossible for an author,



EDGAR SALTUS.

however popular, to keep a coach and four. As a consequence the author, to whom every luxury is a necessity, goes into another trade, he turns grocer or stockbroker, anything, in short, which is remunerative, and behold! we have nothing to read. But that France, where novelists have their crosses too, perhaps, as our own have, but where crosses as often as not are those of the Legion of Honor; that France, since Renan's death, should not have one great writer of fiction, is a circumstance attributable only to the platitudes that history repeats itself. At the close of the last century France was in the same predicament that she is at the end of this. It seems but yesterday that the only mortal to whom immortality was accorded in his lifetime "departed," as Longfellow insisted we should say; and the passing of Victor Hugo was perhaps the passing of the genius of France, as the passing of Napoleon was the passing of her glory and the imperial bees. It requires, some one has hinted, the drainage of millions to produce a great man, and it may be three or four generations yet before eyes are blinded again by the glare of genius at its apogee. Meanwhile, the demand for ornamental literature of the highest class cannot and will not tarry. The need to admire is as imperative in educated beings as the sound of the voice of the well-beloved. The taste for fiction may be an acquired one, but such as it is it possesses the public and cries for satisfaction. Yet the lack of solid nutriment is so manifest that one may properly compare the ailments of the bookstalls to the ephemerides of Hypanis, which, born at dawn, die at night.

Now and again the collaboration of chance and talent advances a work at which the world pauses, but save certain sporadic examples, the dearth of literary events is such that the public ask in vain for that little which satisfied Rabelais' dog when he gnawed a bone—only a bit of marrow.

In view of these circumstances, there is a choice between diet and plenty. If there be no new Hugo on the horizon, there is at least the Hugo we have adored. If there be no new friends in waiting how sweet and easy is the return to the old.

To mention one that contemporaneous interest is rescuing again from forgetfulness, there is Balzac. If you have nothing else on hand, turn to him. He is the great master. He consoles, he delights, he holds your attention, he never bores any but the empty-headed. It was he who began the manufacture of fiction from facts. To be prolific, he used to say, one has but to study life. And it was from his study of life, and his knowledge of its inscrutable possibilities, that he built the structure which is known as the "Comedie Humaine."

Genius does not fall from the skies in evening dress. It took Balzac ten years to form a style that suited him, and almost as many more to form another that suited the public. And yet there are people who think that literature is an easy trade! "To live by the pen," he used to

say, "is a labor that galley slaves would refuse. They would prefer death. To live by the pen consists in creating—creating to-day, to-morrow, forever, or to appear to, and the appearance is as hard as the reality."

Nevertheless, though Balzac was forced to write from hand to mouth, such was his patience—and genius is patience—that though a generation has come and gone since his day, he holds the world enraptured still.

In art, the very latest thing is Mr. George Hitchcock's exhibition of pictures and studies at Goupil's. They represent an entirely new note—what would be called in Paris the last cry. They are of the impressionist order, and of the school which is technically known as the Open Air. This school, of which Courbet was one of the originators, is really startling to one familiar only with old methods and masters. The aim is to present an object, a landscape, let us say, not as we might like to see it, but as it really and actually is.

Now art, it has been finely said somewhere, is a corner of the universe interpreted by a temperament. The temperament which Courbet and his followers possessed led them to interpret the corners of the universe which they selected into colors so true that they jarred. Their pictures are brutal as oaths, yet frank as sword-thrusts. They both repel and attract. You recognize the fact that they are something more than faithful representations of what is; and yet, for some reason which you find difficult to formulate, you don't like them.

It was there that Mr. Hitchcock presumably saw his opportunity and took it. To quote his own words, his work "is entirely unlike any other fellow's." And in one sense it is. He has solved the secret of being both realistic and pleasing. There is nothing that jars in his work, nothing that hurts the eye; and yet, as you look at his pictures, you see in them truth revealed.

In the present exhibition there are two that positively detain the visitor, which hold on to him and demand his attention. The first is called "The Blessed Mother." She sits, the child in her arms, on a bench in an apple orchard. The grass about her is very green; there are flowers in it which you feel you could pluck. To the rear is a paling and behind it a bed of tulips. More remotely there are other trees and a windmill. The mother wears a robe of olive and a mantle of faint lilac. She has the blue of the Summer heavens in her eyes and her hair has the glister of gold-leaf. Her features are placid yet adorable. You feel, though you do not see, the sun shining behind her. And the effect of that unseen sun shutting her headress, illuminating the aureole, brightening the grass, is (taken in conjunction with the red of tulips in the background) the most exquisite thing which New York has seen.

The other gem is a scene in Holland—a girl tending geese on a long level stretch of country. As you look that stretch of country seems to extend indefinitely and lose itself in the haze of an horizon that lies leagues and leagues and leagues away. It is a triumph in perspective as the other is a triumph in charm.

Music is the vapor of art. It expresses that which cannot be said, yet concerning which it is impossible to be silent. To certain natures it is an absolute necessity. Nonetheless, throughout the entire season there has been, in the musical world, a lack of novelty which, to the shame of our city, every manager has done his best—or his worst—to increase.

The exceptions are few but notable. When Bernhardt was here we used to say she had a voice of gold. Those who heard Mme. Duse listened to cascades of glittering gems. She is not a songstress, it is true; but, precisely as prose is more difficult than verse, so is harmonious speech rarer and more artistic than the trills of a prima donna. The world is filled with good singers, but the marvel of Mme. Duse's intonation has, in this century at least, been equaled but once perhaps, and then only by Rachel.

Another exception, though of a different order, has been in the operettas presented at the Amberg Theater. You may not understand a word of German, and, what is more, you may not want to, but the vivacity of the troupe make up, and amply, too, for any defects of your own. Besides, they are not German, they are Viennese, and the difference is as great as between French and English. The Viennese are far more Latin than Teuton, and in their music, in their plays, in their speech and life, there is a recklessness, a touch and go, which is absolutely transporting.

Another exception is the "Barber of Seville," which was given by Damrosch on Sunday night. The "Barber" is not a novelty—far from it; but it is so long since we heard it here that it seems once, and a delightful one, at that. Of all the operas termed *comique* (or light), in contradistinction to those termed *seria* (or grand), this is the masterpiece and the gem. Nothing more enchanting has ever been composed. And though more than seventy-five years have come and gone since it was first produced, the mere announcement of it will fill a house, however depopulated and depleted that house may have been. It is



THE MODERN YOUNG MAN.

the music of youth that it conveys; the music and melodies of the spring-tide of life; the raptures of first kisses; the sheer joy of loving and being loved in return. There is in it all the sparkle of champagne, all the witcheries of forests of birds; and, in addition, the plot itself—Almaviva's mad wooing of that madcap Rosina—is a festival of charm, alertness, and grace.

As in literature, so in music. If we have no new composers, let us be grateful for those of the past.



THE MODERN GIRL.

## OSCAR WILDE AND THE SEERESS.

WHEN Oscar Wilde was over here several years ago, we were dining together one evening at the Lotos Club, when, looking over that class of advertisements in the *Evening Telegram*, he expressed a desire to be taken to a certain clairvoyant whose "ad" said that her prophecies had never been known to fail. We soon after set out for the clairvoyant's.

She was located on a second story on Sixth Avenue, in the rear of a long and narrow hall. We were ushered by a "chippy" serving girl into a parlor, when she disappeared behind the folds of a heavy black velvet portiere. Soon reappearing, she indigited that we might go whence she had come. Oscar led the way, and I followed into the room revealed by the opening of the heavy black velvet portiere—an alcove, with blank walls. There was a carpet, I believe; a table, two vacant chairs at the end, and another in the middle, facing the entrance, occupied by a pale-faced, hollow dark-eyed, sad, sorrow-faced, overworked little woman, attired in a shabby black silk gown, who lost the respect of both of us when we glanced at her unkempt hands and fingers, clasped on the table before her at the moment of our entrance.

She motioned us to be seated in the two vacant chairs. We sat. Wilde glanced appealingly at me to "do the talking," and I said that we had seen her "ad" and had come to have our fortunes foretold. She had concentrated her attention from the first on my long-haired companion, and the moment I had made my little speech she addressed Wilde substantially to this effect: "You will play Hamlet; you will wed the woman you love; you will write a play."

Wilde—all those who know him can appreciate this mood or characteristic of his—evinced an infantile delight in her words, and he was so much excited by her prophecy that he paid her advertised fee of one dollar and arose and led the way out, quite forgetting to ask me whether I wanted a "shy" at the future or not. As I did not care to "consult" the owner of such soiled hands as the clairvoyant possessed I followed him, anxious once again to breathe the pure air of the street.

I will whisper to the reader that, as I left, the "chippy" maid aforesaid, in closing the door after us, ejaculated, "What a splendid man Buffalo Bill is!" and I surmised that when she left us in the parlor she had gone into the inner room and informed her mistress that the redoubtable hero of the plains wished to see her, not recognizing Wilde, probably because he was not in knickerbockers and did not wear his emblematic lily. Wilde, however, could not believe she had not recognized him.

Out in the street, Wilde said the dream of his life had been to play Hamlet, and, if he went to Australia, he would; that he would like to write a comedy, but that he did not think he could get any manager to produce it; that, as for marrying, he did not think that he ever should.

Well, the whirligig of time has been at his usual, regular, everyday work; and, while Wilde has not gone to Australia and played Hamlet, he returned to England, got married (to a most estimable lady), and he has finally written a comedy, which has been produced in fine style at Palmer's Theater, and is a success.

## THE NEW YORK FLOWER MARKET.

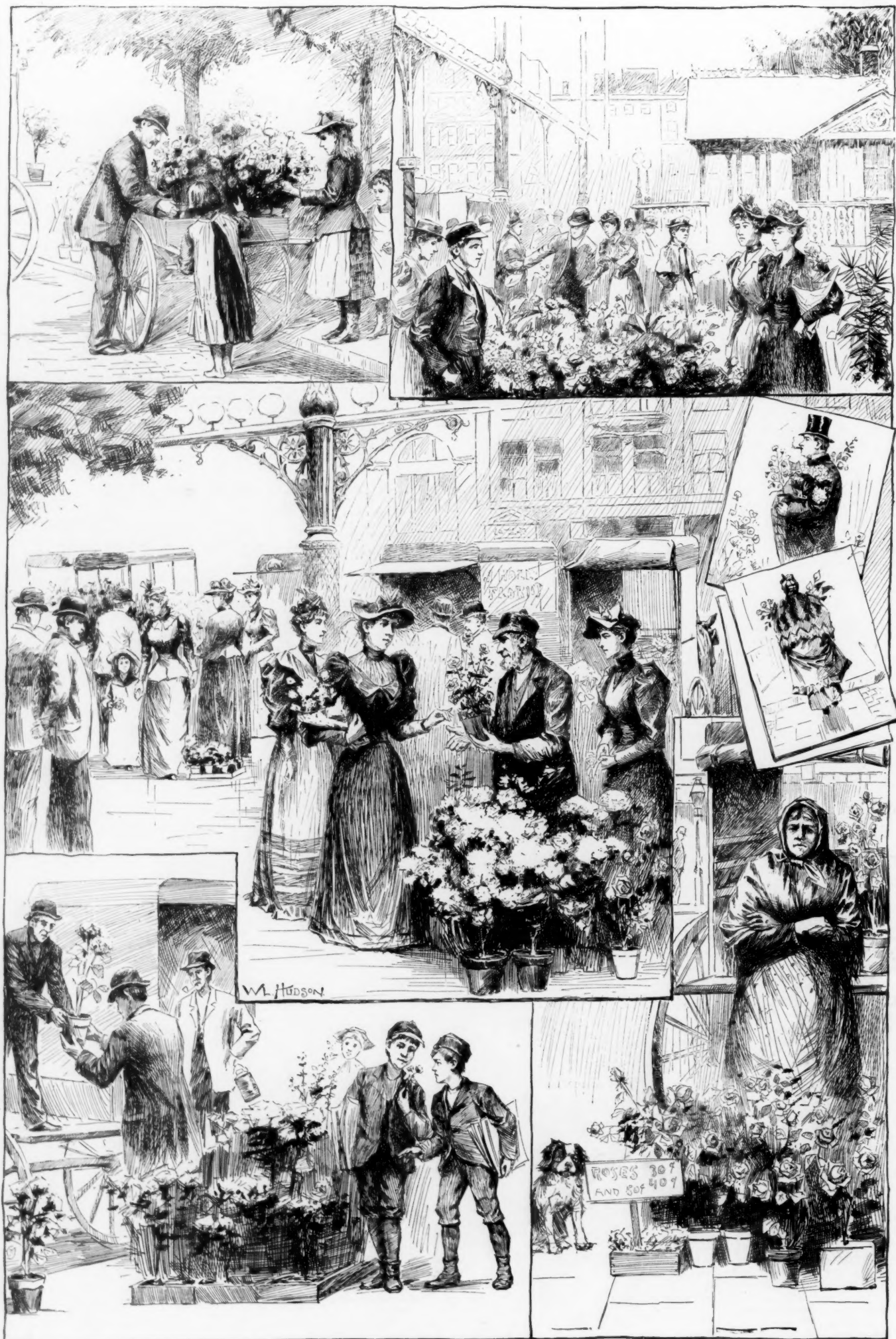
WHOEVER will rise betimes one of these fair Spring mornings and take a walk before breakfast in the direction of Union Square will feel more than repaid for the exertion by the spectacle of the New York Flower Market. Here in the early hours, while more than half the population is still asleep, the flower-merchants begin to assemble and spread out their fragrant wares, rapidly transforming the dull pavement into a glowing garden, and scenting the air with a thousand delicious perfumes.

All the Spring beauties are here in sweet profusion; little white primroses crowding one another out, snowy lilies-of-the-valley sheathed in their broad, dark leaves; tulips white and red and pink, with their exquisite silvery green foliage; heliotrope fashionably purple and heavy with perfume; sweet clustering hyacinths with tall, slender leaves grouped like a bodyguard round the queenly stalk; the plummy spirea spreading its skirts and demanding room, like a great lady in a court dress; homely geraniums to brighten the dwellings of the poor; regal roses to deck fair ladies; chaste lilies to place on the altar. There are gorgeous azaleas, too, and bending carnations, and odoriferous lilacs, white and pale purple, most Spring-like of all the flowers. There are sturdy hortensias without number, showing great round clumps of wide-eyed blossoms in greenish white and pale shell-pink against the bold bright green of their glossy leaves. And in the background, setting off the gay blooms of the flowering plants, the proud palm, the fan-like dracena and the fantastic umbrella-plant disclose their dark and graceful forms.

The larger dealers bring their wares to market in covered vans or open wagons, and set the pots in the square for convenient display; but the smaller ones wheel their stock-in-trade thither in a modest hand-cart. This prosaic vehicle, hidden away under a wealth of fresh and fragrant blooms and trailing foliage, becomes thus glorified into a thing of beauty.

As may be imagined, there is considerable rivalry among the flower-venders, and visitors to the market are kept under close surveillance by many sharp pairs of eyes hunting for customers. Competition keeps the prices low and makes it worth while for intending purchasers to sacrifice an hour's sleep to benefit by the opportunities of the market. The hours of sale are from 6 A.M. to 8 A.M., and the market is at its best on Saturday morning, when the display of flowers is fullest and buyers are most numerous.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou"—Bromo-Seltzer.



SCENES AT THE FLOWER MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.



## ABOUT WORLD'S FAIRS.

IN A FEW weeks the great undertaking of Chicago will be open for comparison with similar occasions in the past, and it is not a little interesting and amusing to recall the World's Fairs of less than fifty years ago for this purpose.

For the very first International Exhibition—that of the "Crystal Palace," in London—was only held in 1851, quite within the recollection of many of us. 'What a wonderful thing it seemed—that fairy structure of glass and iron; for imagining which, plain Joseph Paxton became Sir Joseph! The Crystal Palace was 1,851 feet long (to commemorate the year), 450 feet broad, was made after the form of the leaf of the Victoria Regia, the wonderful African water lily, and was constructed within four months, at a total cost of less than a million dollars. The Exhibition was opened May 1, 1851, by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, that date being thus established, as it were, for all time, as the usual day for the beginning of all World's Fairs, though there have been departures from it. This was the only exhibition of the kind that paid a profit on the investment, the surplus, after all expenses, being \$930,000; while London is said to have benefited by \$20,000,000 extra income during the six months in which it was open to the public. The Crystal Palace was removed to Sydenham, eight miles from London, in 1854, where it still stands, used as a museum.

The year 1853 saw two World's Fairs. That of Dublin was held in a building about one-fourth the size of the Crystal Palace, was opened by the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and was only remarkable for its superb collection of paintings, valued at \$1,000,000—and for the fact that it was a financial failure. It was open from May 12 till October 29, and was a private speculation.

The New York World's Fair was also a private undertaking, and also a dismal failure, financially. It was held in a "Crystal Palace," set up on the land now known as Bryant Park, at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street, behind the Reservoir; the total charges against the Exhibition were \$640,000, and the receipts \$240,000, the loss of nearly fifty per cent being divided among the stockholders.

The New York Crystal Palace was opened to the public July 14, 1853, in a condition of manifest unreadiness. The scheme was under a blight from the beginning, owing to the prevalence of the protection theory that it was "hostile to American Industry." Still, it opened with a flourish of trumpets, as President Franklin Pierce came from Washington to inaugurate it. He came by way of Newark, N. J., taking steamboat thence to the Battery, New York, where he was met by the Governor of the State, Horatio Seymour, Mayor Westervelt, Archbishop Hughes, several other governors, and about six thousand local militia. President Pierce was accompanied by such distinguished folk as Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, Gen. Winfield Scott, Salmon P. Chase and Caleb Cushing. After the reception at the Battery a procession was formed which marched the four miles to the Crystal Palace. The only New York illustrated paper existing at that period represents Gen. Pierce mounted on a magnificent flamboyant and curveting black charger, in the act of reviewing an invisible host of militiamen, firemen, and city officials of all grades and vocations. An incident of the march was a sudden downpour of rain, whereupon there was a rush from the populace to give the President an umbrella. At first he would have none of it, remarking "I am not sugar; I can stand rain as well as the rest of you;" but they were pressing, and he at length accepted one, whereupon the shower passed over, after the wont of showers.

The Crystal Palace Fair offered several peculiar incidents in the course of its history. For one, Horace Greeley was a director, and, being in Paris some time after, he was locked up in Clichy prison at the suit of a French exhibitor, who complained that his exhibit had been damaged. The Crystal Palace went up in flame in November, 1858, while the American Institute Fair was being held, glass and iron being melted together, so intense was the combustion which the inflammable contents fed with a rapidity and completeness seldom experienced.

There was a World's Fair in Munich in 1854, and then Paris stepped into the arena of competition with the exposition of 1855, the first ever held that included more than one building. The Palais d'Industrie (still standing on the Avenue des Champs Elysées) was supplemented by an Annex 4,000 feet long, and a Palace of Fine Arts; the Annex being given up to machinery. The Exposition was opened by the Emperor Napoleon III. in person. It proved to be a brilliant affair, and is believed to have incurred to the advantage of Paris in the sum of \$25,000,000. Nevertheless, it was in itself a financial failure, as it cost about \$5,000,000, and netted something less than \$650,000. The Queen of England, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal (Empress Frederick of Germany), were among the visitors to this Exposition.

This, in fact, began the series of International World's Fairs, whose after progress in comprehensiveness and magnificence is an astounding feature of Nineteenth Century civilization—culminating in the forthcoming display at Chicago. The "Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building," which forms the center of our group of illustrations of World's Fair structures, is the largest edifice ever erected under one roof, being 1,687 by 787 feet in dimensions, covering nearly thirty-one acres, and built in the Corinthian style of architecture, with four grand entrances like triumphal arches, each forty feet wide by eighty high. Facing the lake, this noble structure is the most conspicuous, as well as the largest on the grounds. As its designation indicates, it is to be devoted to general exhibits of all nations; answering, in fact, to the great "Main Building" of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876.

While the Exposition Buildings, proper, and the State and Foreign Buildings in Jackson Park will give an idea of structural progress among the more civilized peoples, in design at least, those of the savage and semi-civilized races will certainly not be less interesting. Of these there will be many exhibited in the Midway Plaisance, ac-



LENTEN FAVORS—ONE MAN'S FAST, ANOTHER'S FEAST.

companied in most instances by the presence of natives of such countries as are represented, illustrating their manners and customs and dress—or want of it. Our page of illustrations gives a graphic idea of the scenes presented by the groups of such natives engaged in their customary vocations, and in the midst of perfect reproductions of their villages and apartments.

The Esquimaux village, inhabited by families of this interesting people and their dogs, will be found one of the most interesting of these exhibits. Oddly enough the Esquimaux suffered more from the extreme cold of the past season than any others of the foreigners who were at work on the Exhibition grounds. Two specimens of this race, "Joe" and "Hannah," as they were called, with their little girl, were brought from King William's Land to this country in 1869, and attracted much attention.

The Japanese buildings, three in number, are exact reproductions of three different periods in the architecture of that country. Of these, the left wing dates from the tenth to the thirteenth century in style, the interior representing a room in a palace of the period. The right wing, or building, is of about the Columbus period, and the interior decoration is reproduced from a villa of a Japanese high official of the Fifteenth Century. The central pavilion is of the Eighteenth Century, and represents part of the palace of a Daimio, or feudal lord. In this structure the symbolical bird, the Phoenix, is used as an important element of the decoration with striking effect. The ornamentation comprises designs in gold lacquer and metal-work, and is very brilliant. This entire series of buildings is known as the Phoenix Palace, a very appropriate name, in consideration of the frequent and tremendous conflagrations which occur in Tokio and other Japanese cities, and out of which the burned districts rise, like the fabled Phoenix, with renewed beauty and originality of structure. The buildings are decorated from designs by the Tokio Art School, and are to be presented to the city of Chicago.

The Moorish Building will be constructed after designs and with ornamentation similar to those familiar from illustrations that everybody has seen of the Palace of the Alhambra. There will be bazaars, as in Tangier and Fez, with actual Moors pursuing their customary devices and engaged in their daily duties.

The Building of Ceylon will be an entire novelty in this country, where less is known of the Cingalese than of almost any other Oriental people. This building reproduces in its pillars and beams, capitals and carvings, original objects in the ancient cities of Ceylon, worked in iron-wood, satinwood and ebony, by deft Cingalese artificers.

The gradations of color obtained by combinations of these and other native woods are said to produce a surprising and beautiful effect. Windows with finely carved frames will admit light sufficient to enable the visitor to gather an adequate idea of the marvelous skill and taste of these people in architectural ornamentation. This building is said to have cost thirty thousand dollars. It has also been stated that the structure was set up in Ceylon before being shipped to this country, in order to show the natives "how it would look."

No feature of the Exhibition will be more interesting and instructive at once than this one of the habitations of races little known to the Western world, occupied by representatives of the races themselves. The Midway Plaisance, as it is called, will present a number of such scenes, including, besides those which we illustrate, a Maori village from New Zealand, a Cairo village, an Irish village, German and French and Chinese villages, and reproductions of the remarkable cliff dwellings in Colorado. (See pages 4 and 5.)

## CONCENTRATED THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

"A good woman," wrote Thackeray, "is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven," and yet old Ben Franklin said: "He that takes a wife takes care."

She is mine own,  
And I as rich in having such a jewel,  
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,  
The waters nectar, and the rocks pure gold.  
—Shakespeare.

Neither Virgil nor Molière seems to have been of the same mind as Shakespeare, for the first wrote: "Woman is ever a fickle and changeable creature;" and the second observed: "It is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

"Nature meant to make woman its masterpiece."—Lessing.

"Woman, once made equal to man, becomes his superior."—Socrates.

"What is woman? One of nature's agreeable blunders."—Cowley.

"A woman is wise at first, but a fool on reflection; a man is a fool at first, but wise on reflection."—Burckhardt.

"The provoking part of housekeeping care is that no one notices if the right thing is done; they only notice when it is left undone."

"Every man has as many reputations as he has friends."—Alice Wellington Rollins.

## OUTRE MER

AND HOW YOU GET THERE



**T**O most women the prospect of a journey over the "big sea-water" is rich in delightful anticipations, furnishing for weeks and even months before the eventful moment of crossing the gangway a motive for much busy thought and speculation. Of course, the degree of pleasure and excitement preceding the undertaking, as well as the extent of preparation for possible contingencies, is all more or less a matter of experience. To the inveterate globe-trotter who "runs across" every year, a sea voyage is a commonplace incident enough, calling for no exceptional outlay of time or thought, opening

no vista of extraordinary and charming possibilities. But with persons so aggravatingly experienced these presents have nothing to do. They sympathize for the nonce wholly and exclusively with the happy and timid debutante who has never been there before but who means to go the very next Summer, and is, meantime, to a certain degree, troubled by a sense of deficient *savoir faire*.

It is really too bad to have to confess it, but it is indelibly true that no matter how grave, how gay, how solemn, tender, important or trivial a question comes on the tapis in the feminine world, first in the order of points to be discussed the unblushing dress topic rears its saucy head and commands undivided attention. So, in this great business of going abroad, Miss Neophyte wants to know first and foremost what her outward presentment is to consist of.

There is a prevalent notion among what, judging from observation, must be called a majority of women, to the effect that one's old clothes are good enough to travel in. It taxes one's credulity to believe that a real woman could have been the first to propound this distressing theory; but that its votaries are legion is only too sadly demonstrated by the numbers of forlorn-looking females one encounters "on the road" from here to Europe and back.

Let us begin, then, valiantly, with the opposite assumption that nothing but the neatest, the soundest, the most comfortable and becoming costume is permissible for traveling gear. When ill-advised friends thrust boogies of "wear-and-tear," "dust," "rain," "wind," "weather," and final ruin in the face of your determination to start out in a dainty new serge or cloth tailor-made costume, "remember not to believe," as the Greek maxim had it. Be resolved, from first to last, on leaving your own land to go and mingle among strangers, that you will, to the best of your ability, go becomingly clad in a manner that will claim respect, not only for yourself personally, but for the nation of which, in the eyes of foreigners, you form, for the time being, a distinctly representative unit.

A good old-fashioned serge is undoubtedly the *summum desideratum* of materials for a traveling-dress, and the plain skirt, blouse and open jacket the style most favorable to the various exigencies and emergencies of wind and weather. A pure wool serge of the best quality is pretty well everlasting, and will come bravely through rain and smoke, spray and smut, with no apparent injury to its freshness and quiet elegance. A close-fitting bodice, with a waistcoat of white or scarlet vesting, should go with the short skirt, to be supplemented by a few shirt-waists and blouses for mornings and evenings. Shirt-waists of fine white or light striped cambric, well-laundered, are a most valuable addition to a traveling-kit. They produce a fresh and dainty effect that is positively grateful to the eye amid much that is, to say the least, uninteresting. Under an open jacket, in fine weather,



nothing looks prettier on deck. But ample provision must also be made for the penetrating cold which some unhappy seafarers find it nearly impossible to exclude from the marrow of their bones. Be provided with heavy flannel underwear, a good thick coat, warm stockings and gloves. Do not trust to wraps and rugs for comfort in

this direction, unless your foreknowledge warns you that you will be obliged to assume the "horizontal" during the greater part of the journey. Otherwise a comfortable walking costume should form the chief consideration, as, no matter how cold the wind blows, a woman of taste does not want to look bundled up.

The minor details of costume should also be carefully attended to; as, item, a hat that will not budge an inch in a gale blowing forty miles an hour—a good soft billycock, simply trimmed with a few smart silk bows, is entirely satisfactory and generally becoming. A straw sailor hat has also a neat and jaunty appearance, but less powers of resistance. Many ladies wear a regular nautical cap, but unless over a refined prettiness of face the effect is extremely trying; item, a serviceable and becoming veil—meaning, of course, a couple of them—to keep the hair tidy and give the finishing touch to the toilet, without, however, proving a source of annoyance to the young man who is being polite to you, and considers that he is entitled to see your face. *Entre nous*, a white veil for walking on deck after dark is very "fetching"; item, with a capital *I*, shoes—shapely, strong, of the best quality you can procure. Brown ones will be most satisfactory, a good dressing for them being conveniently made up in compressible tubes. A prodigious amount of walking is done on board ship by the "well" contingent of passengers, and "feet" are very much in evidence to those who, reclining at full length on their steamer-chairs, have little better to do than study the promenaders passing and repassing so many times in an hour. Neat gloves, needless to add, are a *sine qua non*.

The problem of keeping the hair tidy on board ship is a complicated one. The sea air is no respecter of coiffures. And yet the necessity of appearing at one's best is often as urgent as may be. The writer has a vivid remembrance of the dismay with which a lady, who had adopted the juvenile fashion of wearing her hair cut short and curled all over, discovered that after a few hours' exposure on deck her coquettish locks had all grown uncompromisingly perpendicular. Imagine, too, the state of mind induced by the discovery that a turn on deck before breakfast has completely destroyed the carefully arranged effect contrived, not without difficulty, in the narrow dimensions of a stateroom before a little 12x6 looking-glass hung, or, alas! not hung, but grappled with hooks of steel to an



inaccessible portion of the wall in the darkest corner. Impossible to feel happy with a limp "front" hanging over one's eyebrows. Yet it is preposterous to be compelled to give up one's morning salutation to Old Ocean for such a paltry reason. What is to be done? See what the others do, for one thing. Enters Miss Blank, who likewise has been walking in the damp and the spray, and lo! her blonde locks nestle "in many a curly freak" over her placid brow and round her creamy temples, as if she were just fresh from the hands of the coiffeur. What meaneth this mystery? You dear, unsophisticated child of nature, don't you know? If not, better ask Miss Blank. I am sure she will be good-natured enough to share her secret. You see I dare not tell you here because—well, I have heard that men always read the woman's page,

and there is no use in disturbing the illusions of the dear credulous things.

It is hardly necessary to suggest the various toilet appurtenances which no woman will think of traveling without. Some kind of cream, or soothing lotion for the face, should not be omitted, as a sensitive skin is apt to burn and blister under the unaccustomed exposure of the strong sea air. A toilet-case which can be hung up on the wall is invaluable in point of usefulness. In the narrow limits of a cabin it materially forwards the operation of dressing to have all the necessary implements ready to hand. Needles and cotton, pins, tape, braid, elastic and such things should also be included. It is the unexpected that happens on board ship, and one is sometimes sadly handicapped for want of some of these trifles.

Dressing for dinner is a simple affair. A wash and a change of bodice suffices for the occasion. As dinner is usually followed by adjournment to the deck, it is not desirable to change the short skirt. Be sure that the latter clears the ground, or the hem will quickly soil and fray with sweeping the deck. A smart petticoat is also highly necessary, in view of the liberties the wind takes with one's skirts; and if you ever enjoy the privilege of being invited up on the bridge, be prepared for the turned-inside-out effect which is likely to characterize your descent from that elevated point of vantage.

As a steamer trunk is a very insignificant affair in point of size, it is important for the intending traveler to know just what not to take. Let all that is not absolutely required go in the larger boxes to be consigned to the hold. A few changes of underclothing, a second skirt—in case of accident to the traveling-dress—a bathrobe, blouses, shirt-waists, shoes, gloves, the toilet accessories and a few books will pretty nearly fill the compass allotted you. A box of sweets, some choice biscuits and a small supply of good tea will be found to do good service on the way. If you choose to add a basket of fruit, so much the better. These provisions are by no means necessary, as you have *carte blanche* on the steamer to demand creature comforts at any and all hours. Only, after a few days, the elaborate menus grow monotonous; one gets a notion that things have a shippy taste, and anything out of a private store has the charm of novelty, and is eagerly

welcomed by those of your fellow-passengers with whom you are inclined to share.

The social life on board varies in character with the size of the vessel and the elements of homogeneity represented by the passengers. On a large steamer there is more formality than on a small one, hence less good-fellowship and less real enjoyment. Those who travel in parties are shy of extending their circle, and the lone man, unless of an exceptionally and obviously desirable type, is given few opportunities of improving his estate. The



smoking-room is always more or less resourceful to the bored bachelor or that interesting section of a person—the married man temporarily detached from his better half. As a promoter of sociability the ladies' cabin is not quite such a success. Usually it presents rather a dispiriting aspect, with limp white-faced figures lying around in the most available places, propped up with more than a fair allowance of cushions. It may happen that a voyage from beginning to end will be uniformly tedious, and the passengers, as far as at least as they stand revealed to one another, hopelessly uninteresting. In that case, unless you have a party of your own, you will be likely to pass your time yearning for the sight of land. But under more favorable conditions a week of floating hotel life can be rendered delightful. If you can defy the *mal-de-mer* fiend and are fortunate enough to make one of a congenial and resourceful party, you will not only manage to kill time with facility, but will possibly be possessed of some real regrets when your vessel comes into port. These in turn will be quickly absorbed by the new impressions that come crowding into the fair tourist's mind from the moment she sets foot upon the soil of the Old World. It would be too much to follow her peregrinations any further this time. For the present we will leave her among the cathedrals and the picture galleries, trusting perhaps to hear some interesting accounts of them when she returns from her eventful holiday *outré mer*.



BISMARCK.

OURS is an age of grand old men. Prince Otto von Bismarck was seventy-eight years old the 1st of April, and still bids fair to see out some of his younger contemporaries. His career has been one of extraordinary brilliancy. Crowned heads have delighted to honor him. Soldiers have loved him, the people adored him, and writers vied in celebrating his praises. His greatness is like a well-cut diamond, constantly revealing new faces, all lit with the central light of his wonderful intellect. On the battle-field, in the council-hall, at the festive board or by the fireside his powerful individuality stands out sharply against the pale average of human intelligence, and sets the seal of genius on his rugged brow. He fears no man, crowned or uncrowned; but is feared by all against whom he sets his face. He has been a wonderful power for good and ill in shaping events of modern European history. His name carries with it more weight than the names of kings and parliaments. Yet, for all his colossal attainments, he shares the ordinary foibles of the flesh with his humbler brethren. He likes his dinner, his pipe and his bottle, and is far from indifferent to the charm of a pretty face. In fact, he thoroughly appreciates women. Here is what he once said to a friend: "Let me tell you, that a man who trusts his wife with his financial interests has discovered an infallible way to save money." Yes, Bismarck is a great man.



BISMARCK.



## BOOK CHAT.

A VERY curious and very interesting book is Mr. Henry B. Wheatley's "Literary Blunders: a Chapter in the History of Human Error." The blunders are divided into blunders in general, blunders of authors, blunders of translators, blunders in bibliography, misprints and errata, and blunders of foreigners. Of course we meet a lot of time-worn chestnuts; that is not only to be expected, but is an absolute desideratum in a book that aims to collate the most famous of literary mischances. But we also get a great deal of fresh and laughable material. If we are reminded of the famous betrayal of "Love's Last Shift" into "La Dernière chemise de l'Amour," if our risibles are once more appealed to by the story of how Gladstone likened the fierce light that beats upon a throne to the heat of the fiery furnace in which Daniel walked, if the current jest-books, in short, are ransacked for material, we all of us will find in this book much that will give us the glad surprise of a new experience. What can be better than the schoolboy's succinct biography of Elijah as "a good man who went up to heaven without dying, and threw his cloak down for Queen Elizabeth to step over," and of Esau as "a man who wrote fables and sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash." These are but samples of the infinite riches which Mr. Wheatley has condensed into a little room. And something commendatory should also be said for the care which Mr. Wheatley has shown in exploding good old stories that are too good to be true. He notes, for instance, the familiar explanation for the appearance of the word "condog" in certain dictionaries. The lexicographer Littleton, so the anecdote runs, was dictating to his secretary the definition of the Latin word "concurro." The latter, being a little hard of hearing, stopped to ask, "Con—what?" "Concur," said the doctor, testily, adding "Con-dog" as a further explanation. The secretary, scared, perhaps, by the tempest he had raised, meekly put down both the word and the pun by which its meaning was emphasized. So far, so good. But Mr. Wheatley proceeds to demolish the oft-quoted anecdote. "An answer to this story," he says, "is that, however odd a word 'condog' may appear, it will be found in Henry Cockeram's 'English Dictionary,' first published in 1623. The entry is as follows: 'to agree, concur, cohere, condog, condescend.'"

## MY LITTLE FRIEND.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.  
Author of "Boodle's Baby," etc.

## CHAPTER II.

Now, everybody in Dagleigh had a dread of scarlet fever, because it was always breaking out in the village. Scarlet fever, indeed, might be said to be the dominant note of this otherwise perfectly healthy community of men, women and children. I don't quite know how it was, but if the harvest happened to be unusually good scarlet fever was invariably unusually bad. When everything else was going well scarlet fever always put in a warning note, as much as to say, "Now, don't you get above yourselves—remember I'm here, and you've got me to reckon with."

In a less primitive community the people would have risen up and stamped out the malignant foe—but they never did anything of that kind in Dagleigh. The people went on living year after year, and generation after generation, in their miserable thatched houses, made without foundations, without drains, without any of that accommodation which is considered necessary for good health and decency nowadays. The ordinary cottage, in that part of Essex, consists of a living room, which is also the kitchen, and a bedroom over it. A little lean-to, which will form scullery and washhouse, is quite a luxury; and two bedrooms make quite a mansion. It's true that the people do not pay much for these terrible little tenements, which but for the fresh air playing about outside of them would rival any dens at the East End of London for squalor and misery. Two to four pounds a year is an ordinary rent in such a village as Dagleigh, and for six pounds a year you expect to have something quite superior in the way of accommodation, say two bedrooms and a little sitting-room.

But they are dreadful places. The landlords shiver and get scared when the scarlet fever comes, or the typhoid, or the more insidious and more difficult to treat, ulcer—but they do nothing. It was good enough for their fathers and their grandfathers, and it's good enough for them. And so the people go on, year in, year out, living over cesspools, and drinking out of wells in which the toads lie fat upon the green mosses, which are lovely but scarcely sanitary. It is a strange existence, a strange mingling of squalor and beauty, of healthfulness and disease, of roominess

and want of space. For these miserable cottages, these hovels (to call them by their proper name) are garlanded with roses, Clematis and jasmine. They stand for the most part, in large gardens, or, at least, in comparatively large gardens, wherein children can run and play, and breathe the blessed air of Heaven, pick flowers and catch butterflies, and live, in that particular sense, as surely God intended them to live. On the other hand, father, mother, grown-up children, the whole household, sleep in one room—one little room, with a sloping roof, whose little dormer window is hung with snowy curtains, but whose air is pestilential. Fresh air outside the house there is in plenty, save where it is poisoned and rendered dangerous to life by the total want of drainage.

The people are fairly strong and healthy; they have starvation wages, and live chiefly on bread and tea and fat bacon. While they have health, they do well enough until the dread day comes, when there is too much rain or too little, or not wind enough, or for some simple reason a whisper goes round that so-and-so's down with the scarlet fever; then death begins to reap the harvest sown by the criminal want of care among the landowners.

It has always puzzled me to know how large families with a single bedroom manage when sickness and death come in among them. The dead cannot lie out in the open, and they have not the decent custom of laying the departed in the church; while the poor relations, with trembling fingers and eyes blinded with tears, stich their pathetic bits of mourning together so as to make a decent appearance on the funeral day.

We hear a great deal about the delights of the blessed country, of the advantages which country people have over those in towns. And so perhaps they have. But to those who know village life even tolerably well the disadvantages of being poor come with appalling force, and, be you rich or poor, in such a village as Dagleigh you are always ready for the scarlet fever scare, and that morning the mere mention of a sore throat was enough to allay all Phyllis Damer's suspicions as to her sister's bona fides.

"Dear, dear, a sore throat!" she exclaimed. "You didn't complain yesterday, Florence; what have you been doing? Is it true that Mrs. Thatcher's little boy has got the fever? I shouldn't let the children go into the village. Dear, dear, how dreadful! I wonder what one can do; send for the doctor, of course."

"I don't think I'll send for him at present; we must see how I get on during the day," said Mrs. Winton. "Of course I can't go out, Phyllis; I wonder if you'd mind doing the vases in the church for me?"

Even then Phyllis did not see. "Oh, bother the vases—at least, I didn't mean—" she said half apologetically. "I didn't mean that. You're too good, Florence. Why don't you let that muscular young man do his own vases?"

"It's not very much that I do for the church, Phyllis," said Mrs. Winton with dignity.

"Oh, I don't know; you're always pottering round. I wonder Gerald stands it. Well, I'll do them for you; but there isn't a flower in the garden, and I don't know where I shall get any from, and James will be after me if I go down to the asparagus beds. He's got no sentiment about him. When I tell him it's for the church he only says, 'Drat the church!' Don't you think you'd better have a little sharp syrup for your throat, dear?"

"Perhaps it would be as well," said Mrs. Winton, with a deprecating little cough.

Thereupon Phyllis finished her breakfast and went along to the kitchen, where she concocted a truly horrible decoction in a large breakfast cup—a decoction which

A funny little triangular fight has been going on between Andrew Lang, Brander Matthews and Henry Cabot Lodge. It all arose out of a sentence in Brander Matthews's book, "Americanisms and Britishisms." Here is the sentence: "The lordliness of the eminent German who reviewed Mr. Andrew Lang's book without reading it was tempered by the good faith with which he confessed his ignorance, and his offense was less heinous than that of the critic in the *Saturday Review*, who dismissed Mr. Aldrich's 'Queen of Sheba' with a curt assertion that it was like the author's other poems." Mr. Andrew Lang quotes this sentence in a review of Mr. Matthews's book, and utterly misses the point. "I never read the 'Queen of Sheba,'" he says; "but I have seen two or three passages in Mr. A.'s poems which were like passages in Lord Tennyson's. These coincidences are always occurring in all poetry, and I have also seen charming pieces of Mr. Aldrich's which might deserve a place, if they were in Greek, in the Greek Anthology. No doubt, if the critic said no more of Mr. Aldrich's 'Queen of Sheba' than that it was like his other poems he said too little. He meant that the poem was worth no more than most poems. But who ever maintained that poets were always copious and courteous." No one did, Mr. Lang, nor was the question of their copiousness or courteousness in the mind of Mr. Matthews when he penned this sentence. It happens that the "Queen of Sheba" is a prose novel and not a poem, and consequently the *Saturday Reviewer* could not even have opened the book to glance at the printed page. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge hastened to point this out in the *New York Critic*, and commented upon Mr. Lang's slip as another instance of the truth of Novalis's saying that every Englishman is an island. Mr. Lang retorted rather jauntily, acknowledging his error, but scoring a rather effective point when he adds: "I lately read an essay by an American critic (Mr. Lodge may be surprised), who, writing on Achilles, imagined that Achilles, in Homer, is invulnerable. Now this was continental ignorance, and the American Homeristic ignorance exceeded mine, perhaps because 'he lived in a larger place' as the story says. To be ignorant of a modern novel which one is not criticising is little, to be ignorant of an ancient author whom one professes to criticise is a considerable feat." The allusion of course is to Mr. Lodge's attack on the Homeric heroes which recently appeared in the *Cosmopolitan*.

was, I should say, calculated to cure any sore throat, and from any cause. It had sage, and raspberry vinegar, and treacle, and butter, and several other compounds, equally nauseous and disgusting. However, Phyllis was without mercy, for the sole reason that she thoroughly believed in the genuineness of the sore throat; and, having made this dreadful ingredients exceedingly hot, she carried it into the morning-room and literally stood over her sister while she swallowed several spoonfuls of it.

However, Mrs. Winton was content to pay the price in order to get her own way, and she swallowed the nauseous mixture with a docility which spoke volumes for her determination and power of will.

"Chris," said Phyllis, meeting her eldest niece in the hall, "will you go down to the church with me? I've got those vases to do."

"Oh, yes, dear. You know Mr. Hawkesley's gone down to the village, don't you?"

"Then let us fly," said Phyllis, "and get the vases done before he comes back again."

## CHAPTER III.

Now, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Winton had, on the previous afternoon, without absolutely saying it in plain English to the vicar of Dagleigh, hinted that she would contrive to send Phyllis to do the vases the following morning. He had conveyed to her, in a roundabout fashion, that he had never had a real opportunity of putting a certain question plump and plain to Miss Damer, and Mrs. Winton had said, "Well, yes, it is awkward. You see, she is such a favorite with the children, and, of course, they, poor little things, have no idea of anything of the kind; and, of course, if she expected it at all, she would not like in any way to seem to be making an opportunity. I must see if I can't help you a little; only Phyllis is a difficult girl to arrange for. Shall you be at the church tomorrow, when I am doing the vases?"

"I will be," said Mr. Hawkesley, promptly.

"Well, then I'll—I'll think it over; I'll sound her and tell you what I think. By-the-by, if I shouldn't be able to do them myself, Mr. Hawkesley, you'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Oh, certainly."

He knew, as well as if she had spoken in plain English, what she meant—that she would send Phyllis to do the vases for the next day's services, and prepared him accordingly.

It was Mrs. Winton's regular custom to arrange the vases about half-past twelve, just before luncheon, in fact; and Mr. Hawkesley, looking very big and very smart, in a short morning-jacket, with a white sailor hat upon his head, went gayly along, a little before that time, into the church, hoping that he would be able to walk back with Miss Damer and put a certain important question to her as he did so.

I am bound to say that when he walked into the little church, which always stood hospitably open from morning till sunset, and saw that the vases were already decked with June roses and fronds of asparagus—I am bound to confess that a very ugly and a very naughty little word escaped his lips, for he realized, in an instant, that Phyllis had been and gone.

As for Mrs. Winton, she sat nursing herself in the morning-room until lunch time, when she appeared, happily able to announce that she felt a little better.

"My throat is nearly well," she said, in a tone of mild self-congratulation.

"I am so delighted," cried Phyllis. "By-the-by, Mrs. Thatcher's little boy is better—it's not fever, it's nothing but a bad cold."

"You didn't go there?" said the lady of the house in alarm.

"Oh, dear, no, I met his father, and I in-

(Continued on page 14.)

Very extraordinary stories have continually been put forth about the fecundity of authors. For instance, it is said that Marion Crawford writes six thousand words a day, and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett from three to four thousand. Now it is entirely possible that either or both of these authors may have performed an occasional feat of this sort, but to represent anything like this as their average daily stint is to insult the mathematical side of the ordinary man's brain. Look at it from this point of view. Miss Jewett's principal work is in the line of short stories. A short story rarely runs longer than from three to four thousand words. Does any one mean to say that Miss Jewett is capable of writing three hundred and sixty-five stories in a year, or even three hundred and thirteen, if we give her a day of rest on Sundays? She probably does not write more than a score in a year. She has to think long and carefully before she puts her pen to paper. She has the whole thing, from the beginning to the end, carefully arranged in her own mind. The actual writing of the story may indeed take her a short time, but it is then rather an effort of memory than of creation. Put the same test to Mr. Crawford. He has rarely given us more than two novels a year, with an average of one hundred thousand words to each. Now divide one hundred thousand by three hundred and thirteen, the number of working days in the year, and you will find that his average daily output is not more than three hundred and twenty words.

Single-speech Hamilton was a famous man in his day, who, as his sobriquet indicates, made all his fame on one magnificent effort. He has many successors among the novelists. The author of "Lorna Doone," and the author of "John Inglesant" are noted instances. It is true that each of these men failed to imitate the wise reticence of their prototype. They have tried again and failed, and for all practical purposes they are single novel men. Shall we say the same thing of the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland"? That remains "Maxwell Gray's" masterpiece. At the same, in his (or her?) last book, "The Passing of the Storm," he came so near reaching his own high-water mark, that we cannot help hoping he will sooner or later even overlap it. And, indeed, we are told that he has actually done this in the new book now in press "The Last Sentence." Those always erratic people, "the critics who have seen the MS.," pronounce it "of greater interest and power than any of its predecessors." W. T. W.

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## WASHINGTON BRIDGE.

One of the most beautiful structures of its kind in the world is the Washington Bridge.

This engineering marvel of bronze, steel and stone is one of the sights of the metropolis.

It spans the picturesque Harlem River and the tracks of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad at 181st Street, New York.

The length of the bridge is 2,375 feet, height 135.5 feet above the river. It has two steel arches, each with a span of 510 feet, supported by three stone piers and two stone abutments. The piers are 98 feet long and 40 feet thick, of solid concrete, faced with dressed granite. The abutments are semi-circular arches of masonry, each having a span of 60 feet. There are a 50-foot driveway and two footways, each 15 feet wide. It cost \$2,701,000.

A photograph etching of the famous view of Washington Bridge, taken by Mr. W. H. Jackson, the noted landscape photographer of Denver, Colorado, has just been issued by the Passenger Department of the New York Central. Anybody can receive a copy. It is a splendid piece of work, the finest example of this style of art produced in recent years. It is the work of the New York Photogravure Co., which fact alone is a guarantee of its excellence.

A copy of this beautiful etching, 17x22 inches, on fine plate paper, 25c, can be obtained at the New York Central ticket offices, No. 413 Broadway, No. 942 Broadway, or at Grand Central Station, New York; No. 330 Washington Street, Brooklyn; or of Frank J. Wolfe, General Agent, Albany Station, Albany; W. E. Brown, City Passenger Agent, No. 127 Washington Street, Syracuse; J. C. Kalbfleisch, City Passenger Agent, No. 11 East Main Street, Rochester; Edison J. Weeks, General Agent, No. 1 Exchange Street, Buffalo; W. B. Jerome, General Western Agent, No. 37 Clark Street, Chicago, or of Carleton C. Crane, Pacific Coast Agent, No. 10 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, for 50 cents, or it will be sent free, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of 75 cents in stamps or money-order by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Hudson River Station, New York.

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AN APRIL SHOWER ON FIFTH AVENUE.

## THE SMOKING CRAZE AMONG BRITISH LADIES.

THE subject of woman and her ways, especially her yearning for emancipation, as it is called, is attracting unusual attention in old England. Madame Adelaide Crepaz has written a book against female emancipation, and has written it so well as to draw words of praise from Mr. Gladstone himself, and yet we cannot see that the lady has advanced any new arguments to support her position. While she will find many women on this side of the Atlantic opposed to female suffrage, we do not believe there are many who will agree with her statement that the mentally industrious woman unfits herself for maternity. Statistics do not sustain Madame Crepaz's theory, and we imagine that sprightly little paper, *Wit and Wisdom*, puts the truth forcibly when it says that "a great many women are not fitted for maternity, and if, by doing something they are fitted for, they miss becoming mothers, so much the better for themselves and the children they might otherwise have borne, and who would have had a wretched time of it with a too highly cultured and clever mamma."

Madame Crepaz is especially severe on American women, but perhaps if she would study those of her own sex at home she would find something to condemn, too. It fills her with horror to learn that there are girls in Boston who decline to marry; but what of the English girls in high society who "smoke cigarettes and sip brandy and soda after midnight"? Dr. Norman Kerr, in the *Westminster Gazette*, asserts that of late years the number of "lady smokers" in England has sensibly increased, and that the worshipers at the shrine of St. Nicotine include women of position and wealth. Indeed, so menacing is this smoking habit among the British fair sex that an anti-nicotine league has been established, and certain high ladies have joined it with the avowed purpose of frowning down the pernicious innovation, which, according to Mrs. Amelia Arnold, damages the complexion of girls, defiles their breath, decays their teeth, and robs them of bloom and beauty. Mrs. Arnold, however, denies that smoking cigarettes is practiced by real ladies. It is only found among British women of the lowest grade, she affirms. But opposed to her is the authority of Dr. Kerr, and, in-

deed, it may be asked why the league against female smoking has been formed at all if the habit has not found its way into high society?

Ladies here, bless them, do not smoke cigarettes nor sip brandy and soda with the gentlemen after midnight. In the words of Tennyson, they are still "God's flowers," with fresh dewdrops on their delicate petals and no tarnish to their beauty and innocence.

The English weekly, *Hearth and Home*, administers this wholesome advice, every word of which is pure gold:

"Women cannot be too careful of what they do. Men look up to them far more than they are aware, and when people are upon a height there is always the danger of falling. Smoking is unnecessary, uncomely, distasteful to many. Without thinking it wrong, we do think it objectionable. The smoking of one cigarette will not tarnish the soul, the smoking of many might very likely lead to the injury of the mind, for the surroundings of smokers are often such as might cause the ethereal beauty of sweet flowers to droop, if not to fade away."



## TOPICS OF THE HOUR.

## WASHINGTON NINETY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

SINCE Jefferson's days, when good Mr. Merry, the British envoy, was so horrified at being received by a President in Connemara stockings and in slippers "actually down at the heels," nothing more ridiculous has happened than the agitation of the diplomatic corps over the fact that President Cleveland officially gave a reception to the corps without the corps' wives. In short, it was a stag diplomatic party, and one would suppose it ought to have been innocent and harmless enough. But it seems the discovery was immediately made by the august diplomatic corps that its wives should have been invited, too; furthermore, this being true, "the ladies of the diplomatic corps could not possibly go to the White House ever after." There were very grave deliberations over this terrible blunder, until Mrs. Cleveland took the matter into her own hands and straightened out things by giving a reception to the ladies of the diplomatic corps.

To common-sense people such quibbling about official etiquette smacks of the *opera bouffe*, and only provokes a smile at the expense of the diplomatic brouns. But it would be interesting to know which member of the august body of ambassadors, envoys and residents created the teapot tempest which Mrs. Cleveland so cleverly allayed.

Thomas Jefferson would not have bothered his head five minutes about such a matter, and that so much fuss can be made in our time only shows how manners have changed since the first administration of the Sage of Monticello in the early part of this century. One of the rules adopted by Jefferson's Cabinet was this:

"When brought together in society all are perfectly equal, whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office."

Jefferson himself is said to have drawn up the following explanation of the rule:

"No title being admitted here, those of foreigners give no precedence. Difference of grade among the diplomatic members gives no precedence. At public ceremonies to which the Government invites the presence of foreign ministers and their families, a convenient seat or station will be provided for them, with any other strangers invited, and the families of the national ministers, each taking place as they arrive, and without any precedence. To maintain the principle of equality—or of *pêle-mêle*, and prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the executive will practice at their own houses, and recommend an adherence to the ancient usages of the country, of gentlemen in mass giving precedence to the ladies in mass, in passing from one apartment where they are assembled into another."

It is not generally known that the old name of the place where the capital now stands was Rome, through which flowed a dirty little stream called the Goose Creek, afterward changed to the Tiber. It was this fact that prompted Moore, when he visited our capital in 1803, to write these lines:

"In fancy, now, beneath the twilight gloom,  
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome!  
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,  
And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now!  
This famed metropolis, where fancy sees  
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;  
Which traveling fools and gazetteers adorn  
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn."

Mrs. Merry, wife of the English envoy sent here in 1804, has left behind her an account of her impressions of our country at the time in a letter dated "George Town, near Washington, 1804":

"Before this letter reaches you, you will have heard of our landing at Alexandria, after six days' *disputation* with winds, tides, and ignorant navigators. The following morning we set off for this place in a *coachee*. The cold was very severe and the roads intolerable; nevertheless, I laughed every step of the way. Mr. Thornton met us at Alexandria, and advised this mode of conveyance as the best both for ease and quickness. Mr. Merry had never been in one of those vehicles, and his quiet astonishment and inward groaning gave rise to my mirth and risibility. On entering our apartments here, I asked the master of the house what he could give us for dinner. He immediately changed his position, walked to the fireplace, reclined his head on the chimney-piece, looked at me—or, rather, stared—and replied: 'Why, Mistress Merry, our custom is to give the best we have, but I keep no schedule whatever. My house is full; but you shall have *gare dinner*.' So we had, God knows; but neither his B— Majesty's Minister or Mistress Merry could eat a morsel that was served. A few days will, I hope, place us in some *hovel of our own*. . . . We have alarmed the Congress itself by the number of our servants and the immensity of our baggage. The former they cannot account for; the latter, they have ingeniously settled, is to be sold, and that their home markets will be injured if foreign ministers are allowed to bring over such profusion of luxuries for sale. Do they deserve to have one of Dr. Parry's Christians live amongst them? . . . I am now perfectly well, and to-morrow shall exhibit at the Capitol. The Capitol—good heavens, what profanation!! There is a creek, too—a dirty arm of the river—which they have dignified by calling it the Tiber. What patience one need have with ignorance and self-conceit."

Mr. Jackson, who represented Great Britain five years later, described Washington as consisting of some scattered houses, "intersected with heath, forest, and gravel pits." About three hundred yards "from the House of Congress I started a covey of partridges," wrote Mr. Jackson. It would be a covey of lobbyists now, perhaps.

## HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

It is a strange fact that the idea thrown out by Mrs. Merry in pure fun was acted upon in solemn earnest not very many years ago by one of our own representatives to one of the South American republics. Ministers, it should be known, have generally the privilege of importing free of duty whatever they may need for their own households. The plenipotentiary to whom I refer appears to have made

it a practice to import all kinds of furniture and supplies and then dispose of them at regular sales held in the legation. It is related that his lady once gave a big reception and ball in honor of her husband's birthday, for which she had imported an immense quantity of silver plate and bric-a-brac. The next day she invited all her lady friends to come and bid for the articles, and a regular auction, very profitable indeed, took place at the legation. But the Minister had "a big pull," through the fact that his brother was a powerful United States Senator, able to afford the necessary protection.

President Cleveland is doing well this time. His selections of men to represent the nation abroad are a great improvement upon "the rag, tag and bobtail" picked out by him during his first Administration. After all, there is much wisdom in a second term. The re-elected President is really independent. He is not afraid to assert himself by declining to make unfit appointments to please the political bosses. Cleveland never was much boss-ridden, yet some of his diplomatic appointees seven or eight years ago were discreditable. If there is any place where able representatives should be sent it is to South America and Mexico, where it has been the habit to send the weakest or most unfit. *Vide* Bragg, Logan, Mizner. South of the Gulf of Mexico is where we have real interests, and it is there such men as Bayard, Eustis and Runyon should be prevailed upon to go—not to London, Paris or Berlin, where the most important duties generally are to dine well and receive well.

## BURNING OF JOE JEFFERSON'S HOME.

The burning of Joe Jefferson's "Crow's Nest" at Buzzard's Bay reminds me, some way, of my first meeting with the great actor. It is more than thirty-five years ago since I first crossed the Atlantic in the old packet ship *Neptune*, before steamers had altogether driven the fast-sailing Black Ball Liners from the passenger traffic. There were not more than twenty cabin passengers on board when we left this port, and among them was a tall, very slim and very delicate-looking young man taking a sea voyage for the benefit of his health. For the first few days out he was as sick as a dog—*mal de mer*, of course. I believe it was his first ocean essay as well as my own, and we both found rough weather rather more trying afloat than ashore. But this is neither here nor there.

## AWFUL DIPLOMATIC DILEMMA.



"The ladies cannot go to the White House, you know, *unmöglich!*"

When the slim young man revived with the good weather he became the life of the ship, "the soul of merriment," and the most popular man on board. The slim young man was Joe Jefferson, long before Rip Van Winkle or Bob Acres had made him so famous. Every night before going to bed a pail of water drawn from the sea was brought to Joe's room. Long swathing towels were soaked in this salt water and then wrapped about Joe's nude body, and thus bound up he lay him down to sleep with blankets galore on top. This was Joe's system of salt-water cure for some threatened weakness of the lungs or bronchial tubes. There were those on board who predicted the actor would kill himself by this heroic treatment; but he never failed to turn up in the morning bright, smiling and looking better. Before the voyage ended—a matter of twenty-one days then—Joe Jefferson pronounced himself perfectly well; and certainly, if bright eyes and buoyant spirits are indications, his cure method was a perfect success.

## FLAMMARION ON THE END OF THE WORLD.

There are always people who love to brood over the future, and to such the last days of the world is a topic of grim interest. But it is questionable whether even they will discover much to satisfy their appetite for the unearthly in Camille Flammarion's fanciful and fantastic contribution to the April number of the *Cosmopolitan*. In the whole range of astronomical literature there is nothing more attractive than Flammarion's popular astronomy. He has brought us face to face with the heavenly bodies, as it were, and charmed the unlearned as well as the scientific by his many books, such as "La pluralité des mondes habités," "Worlds Imaginary and Real," and "The Wonders of Heaven." But we doubt if his *Cosmopolitan* article will add to his reputation.

A short time ago when Biela's comet suddenly reappeared and was supposed to be making straight for us, or "head on" as it was called, the clever reporters of the *World* indulged in extravagant speculations as to the probable result should the comet bang into the earth. Flammarion seems to have stolen his idea from our American reporters. He imagines himself in the twenty-fifth century, when all the world appears to have become republican except the kingdom of Congo. A telescopic comet of greenish hue suddenly appears rushing with unheard-of speed earthward. The business of the world is suspended, and everybody is speculating on what will happen. Will the world be knocked into a cocked hat by the collision? Astronomers say no, but other scientists predict that its inhabitants will be asphyxiated by the

carbonic oxide of which the comet is supposed to be composed. M. Flammarion describes a meeting of all the *savans* in "the immense hemicycle constructed at the end of the twentieth century" in Paris, and the opinions of astronomers and doctors are listened to with breathless interest. It is only four days before the grand catastrophe is expected, and yet the meeting adjourns without deciding what is best to be done to ward off the calamity.

The object of this fantastic article by one of the foremost astronomers and scientists of the age is not clear. It is said to be a novel, but so far as the article is yet carried, there is no plot developed, nor is there hero or heroine. On the whole, the impression it is likely to leave is that the distinguished astronomer has made a mistake in entering the field of sensational literature merely to make money. It is distinctly a lowering of his status.

T. B. CONNERY.

## THE NEW MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

MR. CARTER E. HARRISON, the Democratic Mayor just elected to preside over Chicago, will be a great man during the Fair, and his portrait herewith given will interest people in every part of the country. In a letter to the press Mr. Harrison thus refers to the ability of Chicago to do its duty:



CARTER E. HARRISON.

"To my fellow-citizens of the East, who have perhaps had doubts as to the capacity of Chicago to entertain millions of visitors, I can only say that we will do our best to entertain them with Western hospitality. It may be somewhat rough, but it will be hearty. It may not be such as Ward McAllister and William Waldorf Astor might desire, but it will have a wholesomeness in it that will go far to make amends for everything lacking in the culture of the Four Hundred."

## "THE TWO ON GALLEY ISLAND."

THIS is a well thought out and faithfully worked up story of remarkable adventures, wonderful discoveries and thrilling escapes, with a strong undercurrent of romantic interest. The heroine, Arva Lake, is a Boston music-teacher of an attractive type, who exhibits remarkable courage and good sense under circumstances sufficiently trying to exhaust the powers of endurance of an average woman. The novel situation into which she is thrown gives rise to many curious and amusing experiences, which the author describes as familiarly as if he were drawing on his personal recollections. And there really seems no limit to his inventive faculty. The interesting personality of Paul Keene, the hero of the story, leaves a vivid impression on the reader. Altogether, the "Two" on Galley Island are a charming couple, refreshingly unlike the modern novel type of young people. The recital of their strange experiences holds the reader's sympathies up to the last page of the book, and it is with a distinct sense of regret that one bids them good-bye.

The story is told with simple directness, and though some very extraordinary events are worked into it, a wonderful color of truth pervades the whole. The moral tone is noticeably bright and healthy. The volume commends itself to all classes of readers, and is sure to achieve a wide popularity. It will be mailed with ONCE A WEEK, No. 2, Vol. XI.

## ROUSING THE LOYAL HEART.

THE ex-leader of the Conservatives in the British House

of Commons, Mr. Arthur James Balfour, has been in Ireland lately, and it is not clear whether his mission was to "fire the patriotic heart" or to allay its fever heat. He certainly advised the immense throng of anti-Home Rule sympathizers who greeted him that resistance to the end was the correct thing.

## EARL DUFFERIN.

THE last target for the attacks of the French



ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

press is Earl Dufferin, British Ambassador to France. One of the papers, bolder than the rest, accuses him of using his diplomatic position to plot against the interests of the Republic. Frederick Temple Hamilton Blackwood, Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, is the most unique figure in British politics. Wherever his country needs special work of a high order done there the changing cabinets send Lord Dufferin, whether it be as Vice-roy of India, Governor-General of Canada, Ambassador to Italy, Russia, Germany or France. The importance of the mission is not its rank but the work which is expected to be done there; and Dufferin has seldom failed to accomplish the task assigned him. Probably the attack on the earl is not well deserved, but it will make no difference to the well-seasoned diplomat, who has fought more than a hundred fights and never lost yet.



MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN.

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## MY LITTLE FRIEND.

(Continued from page 11.)

quired—he was doing up the churchyard path this morning.  
 "Oh! Did you do the vases, dear?"  
 "Oh, yes, I made them look quite wonder-  
 ful. I had to dodge James with the aspara-  
 gus beds, and you'll bear me out, won't  
 you, that there was nothing else, if there's  
 a row about it?"  
 "Oh, yes, of course I will."  
 "Yes, I took all the young shoots there  
 were. I don't know how much asparagus I  
 tramped down in doing it. Chris kept  
 watch for me, while I did the stealing.  
 Doesn't it occur to you, Florence, that rob-  
 bing your gardener's pet asparagus beds to  
 go and deck the church is rather like rob-  
 bing Peter to pay Paul?"  
 "Oh, no, gardeners are so touchy," said  
 Florence carelessly.  
 "I had half a mind," said Phyllis mis-  
 chievously, "to go along down to the vicar's  
 and steal his asparagus fronds  
 instead of ours."  
 "I don't suppose he would have minded,"  
 said Mrs. Winton, looking down upon her  
 clasped hands.  
 "No, but I should," returned Phyllis,  
 "and, after all, that's the great thing."  
 "I suppose you didn't see him," said Mrs.  
 Winton, in a tone of indifference so admi-  
 rably studied that somehow Gerald Winton  
 and Phyllis instinctively looked at one an-  
 other and smiled.  
 "No, I didn't; he was down in the vil-  
 lage."  
 "Oh! What time did you go?"  
 "Directly after breakfast."  
 "I am bound to confess that at this point  
 Mrs. Winton, too, almost gave way to an  
 exceedingly naughty little word. So all  
 her carefully thought-out little plans had  
 fallen through, and she had condemned her-  
 self to spending a day indoors to no purpose.  
 Really, it was aggravating, when you came  
 to look at it from her point of view. How-  
 ever, she did not say anything, wherein she  
 was wise; and when Phyllis asked her if  
 she might have the pony trap to go into  
 Harburch, she could not, in the face of her  
 sore throat, well deny it to her.  
 It was really a great credit to Mrs. Winton  
 that she was able to hide so completely  
 as she did the annoyance which she really  
 felt. She was very angry with herself for  
 her stupidity in not having waited till  
 nearly twelve o'clock before she had asked  
 her sister to do the flower vases; she was  
 angry with the vicar for not having been  
 all the morning hanging about the church,  
 so that he might catch Phyllis when she  
 went; she was angry with herself for hav-  
 ing feigned an illness which she did not  
 feel, and so having wasted the whole of a  
 glorious Summer day. She was very angry.  
 However, she had no choice but to go back  
 to her morning-room and keep herself as  
 calm and as quiet as she could.  
 About three o'clock Phyllis came in with

her hat on and asked her sister whether she  
 wanted anything doing in Harburch.  
 "They tell me they want carbolic soap,"  
 she said; "shall I bring some?"  
 "Yes, you may as well."  
 "And shall I go to the station and see if  
 the books have come?"  
 "Yes, you may as well," answered Mrs.  
 Winton, dejectedly.  
 "Any fish?"  
 "There won't be any fish," answered  
 Mrs. Winton; "but if there is, you can  
 bring some."  
 "Anything else you want doing?"  
 "Well, you might go into Brown's and  
 see if he'll take seven-and-sixpence for that  
 dish."  
 "He won't," said Phyllis, laughing;  
 "but I'll try it on. I looked in yester-  
 day. 'Ten shillings, Miss Damer, is my  
 price,' said he, 'and I never 'bated it—ten  
 shillings or 'ere it stops in my 'ouse, and I  
 never parts with it to the end of my days.'"  
 "I've heard Brown say that sort of thing  
 before," remarked Mrs. Winton, dryly. It  
 was quite a relief to be able to say some-  
 thing.

(Continued on page 15.)

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 and thirty-six cents for a regular \$40.00  
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 permanent cure.

See that all your purchases bear both the photograph and signature  
 of Mme. A. Ruppert in full on label.

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 will present a bar FREE to all purchasers of her world-renowned Face  
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 by mail, as well as callers. I send Face Bleach to all parts of the world,  
 securely packed in plain wrappers, free from observation, on receipt of  
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 \$5.00. MME. A. RUPPERT'S well-known book, "How to Be Beautiful,"  
 of which more than three million copies are now in circulation, will be  
 sent, on receipt of 6 cents in postage.

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 derful Face Bleach to all ladies living outside the city, who could not  
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 communications

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thing nasty about somebody, if it was only about a marine-store dealer.

"And you'll probably hear him say it again," said Phyllis, with a laugh. "And you really think that's all?"

"Yes; I think that's all, thank you."

"How does your throat feel now?"

"Decidedly better."

"Ah, that's my syrup. Is it keeping hot there?" Phyllis asked, with much interest.

It was a pretty old room, and the fireplace was an old-fashioned one with hobs.

The breakfast-cup containing the mixture was still standing where Phyllis had first put it; she took the cup from its place and stirred the contents.

"You'd better have a little more, dear," she said, very kindly.

"No, I've just had some," said Mrs. Winton hastily.

It was neither more nor less than a story, but really the poor lady felt that what meant as if she simply could not swallow another drop of the dreadful concoction.

"But you will go on taking it, Florence?"

"Oh, I'll—I'll take some in half an hour or so," she replied.

"Well, then, I'll go, because Firefly's waiting."

She went gayly along the white road, letting the little sluggish pony go his own pace, and in due time she turned into the narrow streets of the quaint little fishing town.

It was a dual sort of town—a quaint fishing town at one end, with narrow streets and winding alleys with primitive shops, and a race of handsome men of the seafaring type walking about in blue gurnseys and their hats on the backs of their heads.

And the other end was a sort of watering-place, with a sea front—I mean with an esplanade and band-stand, for which you had to pay threepence for admittance.

Everything was dearer at the watering-place end, and newer and more disagreeable, and yet it was there that trippers swarmed down like a flight of locusts, marking the place horrible. They seldom penetrated down among the ships, but when they did so, a casual observer could only wish that they had not. Quite the most awful type of visitor who ever stayed in Harburgh, either old or new, was the fashionable young person—the young person who wears flounces and a boating-cap, who invariably has more hair than you see on the advertisements of Ko-Ko, and wears it floating in the four winds of Heaven. I have seen some strange sights in Harburgh, but the sight of the fashionable young person is enough to strike terror into the hearts of all beholders.

Phyllis Damer passed through the fashionable end, on her way to the part of the town where the shops are. For a wonder she saw nobody that she knew; the place seemed more dead-alive than usual; she noticed that there was a big yacht at anchor off the pier, but her sight was not good enough to make out its name.

She went steadily about her business, passing from one shop to another, until she had executed all Mrs. Winton's commissions, and had done everything that she wanted to do for herself, and then she turned her pony's head toward the domicile of Mr. Brown, who was possessed of the old dish which her sister was so anxious to call her own.

Mr. Brown was by way of being a character, and he greeted Phyllis with a familiarity and an amount of paternal affection which the fashionable young person would have bitterly resented.

"What about that dish, Mr. Brown?" Phyllis called out.

"Ten shillings, Miss Damer," he answered, "ten shillings, neither more nor less."

"Well, my sister's very anxious to have it, you know; she thinks she ought to have it for seven-and-sixpence."

"Couldn't do it, Miss Damer—no, my dear young lady, I couldn't do it—it's not to be done. And Mrs. Winton knows that John Brown never goes back from his word."

"Well, she's been a very good customer to you, Mr. Brown."

"Yes, I know she's been a very good customer; and she's got some uncommon good bargains out of this shop, has Mrs. Winton—nobody knows it better than she does. Ten shillings is my price, Miss Damer, specially as it's to Mrs. Winton. If it had been to you now I might have made a difference. Besides, I'm not free to sell it at seven-and-sixpence."

"Why not?"

"Because I had the parson with your way in yesterday."

"Had you?"

"Yes, an hour or so after you were here, and he wants it. He's very keen on china, is the parson."

"Keen on china!" cried Phyllis, with undisguised astonishment. "You don't mean it—why, he knows no more about pots than I—than this pony does."

"Well, I know he doesn't know aught about china," said the second-hand dealer, scratching his head reflectively, "but he knows how to drive a good bargain; he came here and he pestered me to that extent, that at last I promised that if I ever came down to seven-and-six I'd give him the first refusal of it."

"Then he shan't have it," said Phyllis, promptly. "Put it up in paper, Mr. Brown, and I'll take it with me."

She paid him the ten shillings, receiving the dish in exchange; and she had barely got out of the street before there was a crash and a shout, and she was lying in the roadway, with her head in the gutter.

(To be continued.)

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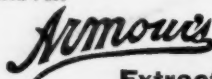
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